

R A M P A G E

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"We should be conscious of the power of this technology and make responsible decisions about its use going forward... There is still much to learn."

-- Jennifer Doudna, UC Berkeley
Inventor of CRISPR, breakthrough gene-editing technology
Los Angeles Times

February 7, 2016

EXT. SPACE

Silent. Immense. Pan down to reveal the curve of the Earth.

A SPACE STATION glides into frame. Multi-tiered, more advanced and much larger than the ISS.

We push in on the massive structure -- the photovoltaic arrays like insect wings -- drawing closer to the main hull -- the windows -- until we see it -- a pulsing light inside -- focus on one, pushing through the glass --

INT. ORBITAL STATION

An alarm -- BUZZ, BUZZ, BUZZ, BUZZ -- emergency lights flash in staccato bursts -- panning we realize:

Something happened in here, something horrible.

The interior littered with floating debris, paper, broken glass -- gliding from chamber to chamber as --

SPARKS flicker and spit. The ever present alarm. And then BEADS of red suspended -- we wonder until we see the DEAD BODIES -- SCIENTISTS -- balletic in Zero-G repose.

But that's not the worst of it. The walls, the ceiling, the floor -- inhuman scratch marks -- shredded scars of metal and wire. Then a female voice in terrified whisper --

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Ground Control, this is Atkins, do you copy?

Bursts of static take us to the CUPOLA CHAMBER -- hidden behind a partition is DR. KERRY ATKINS (30s). She is the lone survivor.

A RUMBLE echoes in the confinement. She flinches, terrified, cycling through channels on the radio.

ATKINS

Ground control, this is the Athena One, do you copy?!

Static. Finally, a voice comes through. The connection isn't great -- DISTORTED, WARBLING.

VOICE (O.S.)

Copy Athena One, this is control. What's your current status?

Atkins ignores the question, speaking quickly, panicked:

ATKINS
The crew is gone. Something went
wrong with the test--

VOICE (V.O.)
I need your status, Athena One.

Atkins nods, focusing. She takes in the information on the control panel in front of her -- it's not good.

ATKINS
Navigation system failure,
descending from orbit at five miles
per second, hull integrity
critical...

VOICE (O.S.)
Copy. Secure the canisters and get
to the escape capsule.

Another RUMBLE. A RAT-LIKE SCREECH. But deeper, horrifying. Atkins glances over her shoulder, shaking her head.

ATKINS
Negative. They're in the lab.

VOICE (V.O.)
We need the canisters--

ATKINS
(snaps, pissed, scared)
Then you secure the damn canisters!

Silence. Atkins nods, assumes she's made her point. She's about to move, when another voice, even more DISTORTED AND STRANGE, comes through. It belongs to CLAIRE GRIFFIN -- she paid for this space station and everything on it.

CLAIRE(O.S.)
Dr. Atkins? This is Claire Griffin.

The name stops Atkins.

CLAIRE(O.S.) (CONT'D)
Come home with the canisters,
doctor, or don't come home at all.

Static. Atkins is alone. She closes her eyes, beaten.

INT. LAB - MOMENTS LATER

Atkins glides through the lab, swimming through the floating DEBRIS and BLOOD, moving into the SAMPLE STORAGE ROOM.

It's QUIET. With haste, she uses her thumbprint to unlock an electronic STEEL SAFE.

Inside are about twenty of the aforementioned CANISTERS. Atkins begins removing them quickly, placing them into a STEEL TRANSPORT CASE. She gets three in the case, then stops--

Breathing. Wet. Heavy. Something is definitely coming.

A DARK SILHOUETTE SCREECHES in the rhythmic light. Some kind of large gray, feral animal. Matted fur. Focus on Atkins's terror as it floats past. She's safe... until she turns back and BUMPS the safe door CLOSED. It BEEPS LOUD as it locks.

The creature ROARS, locating its prey. Atkins grabs the steel case and pushes OFF the wall, firing herself through the lab.

The creature is instantly in pursuit, claws ripping through partitions, piping, and LOTS OF HIGH TECH BIOLOGY LAB equipment -- anything between it and its prey.

Atkins pulls herself through the confined space, the pursuit in Zero-G, like swimming away from a shark. The ESCAPE CAPSULE ahead, the creature gaining --

INT. ESCAPE CAPSULE (EC-1)

She glides in, secures the straps, flips switches -- looks back -- the thing rushes towards her. The hatch slowly closing as it ROARS... THUNK. The animal SLAMS against the capsule's VIEWING WINDOW, locked out. Matted fur and its single eye visible. SLAMS AGAIN. Miraculously it holds.

Atkins flips open a clear safety cap and pulls the "Explosive Detach" handle. PFFFSSTWWHOOOSH. The pod JETTISONS AWAY. Atkins breathes, tears in her eyes, looks down. On the floor of the EC-1, in the open case, are the THREE CANISTERS.

Atkins looks out the window. The Athena looms behind her, tearing apart. Array panels distorting as PIECES FLY OFF... then it EXPLODES.

Atkins instinctively closes her eyes as DEBRIS goes flying past the capsule. SUDDENLY --

KA-THWACK. A PIECE OF ATHENA DEBRIS SLAMS into the CAPSULE WINDOW, causing it to SPIDERWEB. Uh-oh.

ATKINS

No...

As the window SPIDERS a little more...

EXT. SPACE - SAME TIME

The capsule EXPLODES. As pieces fly in every direction, many toward Earth, we notice we are looking down on NORTH AMERICA.

TITLE CARD: RAMPAGE**EXT. JUNGLE - DUSK**

African fauna in the falling light. A four person team makes its way through the jungle.

Two GRAD STUDENTS, CONNOR, arrogant, and AMY, way out of his league, walk with NELSON (30's), the capable lieutenant to their team LEADER, who moves silently through the foliage ahead of them. Connor tries to impress Amy, inhaling:

CONNOR

I love that smell. Takes me right back to Uganda.

AMY

You've been there, too?

CONNOR

Oh, yeah. If the jungle doesn't kill you, the poachers will. It's some real Heart of Darkness shit.

Without looking back, the LEADER puts up his hand, calling for silence. Nelson puts his hand up too, always wishing he was as cool and in charge as his boss.

NELSON

Everything okay, boss?

The LEADER turns slightly to face his team. We get our first look at DAVIS RIDLEY. He's got the rugged good looks of a life lived hard, but the relaxed attitude of an Alpha male who is always in command of a situation.

DAVIS

No, it's not.

Connor and Amy tense up. That doesn't sound good. Then:

DAVIS (CONT'D)

I can't listen to the newbie try to impress this poor girl with his made up stories, anymore.

Nelson cracks a smile. Connor gets defensive.

CONNOR
I've been to Uganda, dude.

DAVIS
(moving on)
Sorry, amigo, a safari with your
parents doesn't count.

Amy smiles, stifling a giggle.

DAVIS (CONT'D)
Besides, if you really had
experience with poaching you'd know
it was rude to talk about it in
front of a lady.

AMY
Oh, it's okay. I can handle it.

DAVIS
I meant these ladies.

Davis nods ahead to a CLEARING, where TWO FEMALE GORILLAS eat
leaves, while children gorillas play nearby. There are man-
made TOYS and a NET CANOPY above the clearing. We are:

EXT. SAN DIEGO WILD LIFE PARK/GORILLA ENCLOSURE - CONTINUOUS

Davis smiles, watching the female gorillas -- he loves these
animals like they're his family. Then, a YOUNG MALE GORILLA -
PAAVO - enters the clearing. Paavo HUFFS at one of the
females. She responds: *rejection*.

DAVIS
What do you see?

CONNOR
The young male is attempting to
establish dominance over the
female. He's posturing, agitated--

NELSON
He wants to get laid.

DAVIS
He's been in captivity learning
commands for the past two months,
can you blame him?
(then, to everyone)
Remember, this is Paavo's first
interaction with the troop, so take
it nice and easy. Let's see how
well he responds to his commands.

AMY

Wait. Where's the Silverback?

DAVIS

Don't worry about the Silverback.

Amy looks at Nelson: *he's nuts*. Nelson shrugs: *yeah*. Davis steps from the tree line and Nelson, Connor and Amy follow. The gorillas turn as the humans appear, fifteen feet away.

The YOUNG MALE grunts. Nervous, Connor steps closer to Davis, so close they're practically touching. Davis turns his head, giving him a look: *Do you mind?*

CONNOR

Sorry.

Connor takes a step back. The YOUNG MALE grunts again and steps forward aggressively. Davis holds up a hand.

DAVIS

Paavo, that's far enough.

The gorilla stops, but his agitation grows. Without taking his eyes off Paavo, Davis motions to the females.

DAVIS (CONT'D)

Femi, Enu, on station.

The females obey, moving off. The children follow. Paavo, agitated, huffs, slides, pounds the ground.

DAVIS (CONT'D)

Paavo. Calm. Calm.

The gorilla seems to relax. Nelson nudges Connor and Amy.

NELSON

Watch this.

DAVIS

Target.

A command to focus the animal. Davis moves his hand from left to right. The animal's eyes follow. Amy is IMPRESSED.

Suddenly a crash in the forest. Movement approaching.

NELSON

Uh, Davis...

Davis doesn't answer, attention focused on Paavo. He ignores, the branches and leaves breaking, nearby.

That's when the leaves part and the SILVERBACK enters the clearing. He's MASSIVE: 7 feet tall, 500 pounds of muscle.

AMY

Oh, shit.

The Silverback's arrival sends Paavo into a frenzy. Turning, ripping at the ground-- like a very big, very scary toddler throwing a tantrum. Connor is TERRIFIED: pale, drenched in sweat. Sensing his distress:

DAVIS

Everybody stay where you are.

CONNOR

Are you crazy?

DAVIS

You submit, we're in trouble.

NELSON

Do what he says, Connor.

Amy freezes. But Connor doesn't listen-- he takes a step back. SNAP. Paavo's eyes dart to Connor.

DAVIS

PAAVO.

(stepping forward)

PAAVO. TARGET GODDAMN IT.

That's when Connor RUNS.

DAVIS (CONT'D)

Shit.

Paavo ROARS and rears up on his hind legs, then thunders forward. Connor just drops into a FETAL CROUCH for protection, but Davis is suddenly between the animal and the kid: Full height, holding his ground, hand up, signaling Paavo to STOP.

Impossibly, Paavo does, halting his charge. The animal and Davis face to face. A loaded beat. For a moment we think it worked, until...

A low rumble from Paavo's throat. Davis realizes this isn't going to end well. Just as the animal coils to attack:

WHAM. Paavo is knocked out of frame by the Silverback, GEORGE. Paavo rolls across the ground, immediately up on his haunches, then moves off into the tree line.

George stands to full height, towering over Davis. We think Davis is done... until he breaks the tension, SIGNING as he speaks:

DAVIS (CONT'D) 
I had it under control, George.

The large gorilla huffs as if to say, *yeah right*. Then signs back. Davis smiles.

DAVIS (CONT'D)
I would have been fine. Smart ass.

George signs, nodding toward Connor, still in the fetal position. Davis remembers, then signs:

DAVIS (CONT'D)
Oh, right...
(to Connor)
You can get up now, kid.

Connor looks up. Nelson helps him to his feet as Connor realizes he's safe. Davis and George share a laugh, then:

DAVIS (CONT'D)
Hey, I need you to make nice with
the new guy. Paavo.

Davis nods to the tree line. George looks and sees Paavo, cautiously watching from the trees. Davis signs:

DAVIS (CONT'D)
He's just a kid. His whole family
was wiped out by poachers.

The last sign connects with George, who SIGNS:

DAVIS (CONT'D)
Yeah. Bad men.

George hangs his head, understanding.

DAVIS (CONT'D)
So welcome him. Okay? Everyone here
follows you. Be nice. For Davis.

George looks at him for a long time, then signs back with the MIDDLE FINGER. Davis makes a face:

DAVIS (CONT'D)
I shouldn't have taught you that.

Amy LAUGHS. George notices and gives Davis the finger again.

DAVIS (CONT'D)
Now you're just showing off for a
pretty girl.

George nods -- *you're damn right he is.*

DAVIS (CONT'D)
Are you gonna be cool?

George thinks about it, glancing at Paavo. He then sticks out his fist. Davis pounds it. Man and ape have reached a deal.

INT. PRIMATE DEPARTMENT - EVENING

A painted MURAL depicting a family of Gorillas in the jungle. It reads: *Gorillas: The Gentle Giants*. Davis and Nelson head for the exit. Amy, the grad student, catches up.

AMY
Excuse me, Mr. Davis?

DAVIS
Davis is my first name.

AMY
That was amazing, out there. I'd
love to hear more about how all
that submission stuff works, if you
have time for a drink.

Nelson rolls his eyes at the transparency.

DAVIS
Thanks. But I have plans. Great
work today, though.

AMY
I didn't do anything.

DAVIS
Exactly. First rule of dealing with
a hostile animal: don't run.

Davis winks then heads out the door with Nelson.

EXT. PRIMATE DEPARTMENT - DUSK

Davis and Nelson head for their vehicles.

NELSON
Should I tell her your plans are
hanging out with your dogs?

DAVIS
I like my "me" time.

NELSON
(trying to "bro out")
I hear that.
(then)
But, and this is my wife talking,
don't you want to find a good
woman?

DAVIS
Tell Jane I find plenty of good
women. Preferably ones I don't have
to see at work the next day.

Davis flashes his charming smile as he puts on his helmet and
throws his leg over the saddle of a low-slung MOTORCYCLE.

NELSON
Since everyone else is too afraid
to say it, I will. It's weird that
you like animals more than people.

DAVIS
What can I say? They get me.

NELSON
Really? Today, Paavo made it pretty
clear he wanted to kill you.

DAVIS
Exactly. When they're happy they
lick you, when they're hungry they
eat you, and when they don't like
you, they try to kill you. That's
what I love about animals, you
always know where you stand.

The motorcycle engine roars and Davis drives off.

EXT. ROAD - EVENING

The motorcycle flies down the road. Far above, streaks of
light zip through the sky like thousands of shooting stars.

EXT. SAN DIEGO WILD LIFE PARK/GORILLA ENCLOSURE - NIGHT

The gorillas are settled in for the night; a family at the
end of the day. George even checks on Paavo, making sure he's
okay, then settles himself in. It's peaceful. Almost human.
Crickets. A rustle of wind. Then: WOOOOOOOOSSSSHHHHHH.

The Gorillas look up as a FIREBALL blazes overhead, ripping through the canopy at an angle, then-- BOOM! The Gorillas shield themselves from the radial explosion of power.

We find a steaming CRATER. A CANISTER embedded in earth.

EXT. THE EVERGLADES - NIGHT

A sign on a quiet road through the swamp reads: EVERGLADES NATIONAL PARK. A METEOR lights up the sky. It screams toward the earth, taking out the sign, and some of the road, finally SPLASHING into--

THE SWAMP. As the cracked, leaking canister floats on the water, a CROCODILE slowly breaches the water's surface.

EXT. SKY ABOVE WYOMING - NIGHT

A PACK OF WOLVES cross the sage-covered plains, the snow dotted peaks of the Grand Tetons rising behind them.

A shooting star. Then another. Then hundreds. Pieces of the destroyed Space Station fall through the sky and burn up. But one meteor burns brighter than the rest -- cutting a hot friction hole in the air -- a SONIC BOOM SOUNDING.

The THIRD CANISTER CRASHES in a SHOWER OF DIRT AND ROCK, about a quarter mile ahead of the wolf pack.

EXT. SAN DIEGO WILD LIFE PARK/GORILLA ENCLOSURE - NIGHT

George approaches the steaming CRATER, the canister embedded five feet down in a plowed furrow of earth.

The other gorillas follow a safe distance behind him, scared, letting their Silverback lead.

George moves toward the canister, hackles up, sniffing. He recoils as it LEAKS GAS. George roars.

EXT. DAVIS'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Davis's pretty, old country ranch sits out in the scrub desert, somewhere between the Zoo and Mexico. Davis has a ton of land and, best of all, no visible neighbors.

Bowie's "Black Country Rock" blasts from somewhere within --

INT. DAVIS'S GARAGE - NIGHT

The remnants of Davis's dinner sit in grease-soaked TAKE OUT bags on a workbench. "Black Country Rock" jams.

As Nelson predicted, Davis's big, lovable MUTTS stroll around as he works on his 1990 LAND ROVER DEFENDER. He has lovingly, meticulously restored it to its former glory.

DISC JOCKEY (ON RADIO)
*...The light show over the desert
was caused by the break-up of the
Athena One, the world's first
private space station. Bunch of
space-junk fell right here in our
backyard, so keep your heads up,
Southern California. Now here's
some Zeppelin.*

Davis tightens a bolt as Led Zeppelin's "Ramble On" comes on.

INT. LAND ROVER DEFENDER - NIGHT

Davis sinks into the driver's seat and says a little prayer:

DAVIS
Come on, baby. Ramble on for me.

He inserts the key into the ignition and turns. The twenty-five year-old engine RUMBLES happily back to life.

OFF DAVIS. Pleased with his success...

INT. DAVIS'S GARAGE - NIGHT

Davis moves to the 1948 vintage GE fridge he also re-built, grabs a beer and gazes out through the open garage doors, savoring his accomplishment. He raises the beer, toasting his dogs, who are laying down next to each other in the garage --

DAVIS
I know this is an exciting moment
for you guys, too.

No reaction. Davis grins, gazes out at the starry night.

EXT. WILLIS TOWER - NIGHT

The tallest building in the city stands imposingly over the other skyscrapers. It's late at night, and most of the tower's lights are off. But not on the top floor...

INT. WILLIS TOWER - PENTHOUSE - BOARD ROOM - NIGHT

A row of casually clad Internet-era EXECUTIVES sit at a BOARD ROOM TABLE. Some have laptops and documents in front of them. But no one says a word.

THUMP! There's a crash outside the boardroom. THUMP! Then another. The executives look scared.

INT. WILLIS TOWER - PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Outside the boardroom is an open-floor PENTHOUSE OFFICE. It's HUGE and full of things only billionaires have at work: a HALF-COURT BASKETBALL COURT, a wall of FLAT SCREENS, a row of OLD-SCHOOL ARCADE GAMES (one's Rampage).

This is GRIFFIN TECHNOLOGIES GROUP. And its owners are having a very bad night.

WHAM! BRETT GRIFFIN (40s) swings a baseball bat into a 1/8 SCALE MODEL of a SPACE STATION... their space station. The one we just saw crash down in a fiery inferno.

Brett is loud, good-looking and brash. The get-stuff-done guy and the face of the company. WHAM! Brett hits the model again. It looks like he's trying to fuck this one up more than the real thing.

His sister, CLAIRE GRIFFIN (40s), enters. Claire is quiet, calculating, and calm -- always the smartest person in the room. She waits for Brett to tire out.

CLAIRE

Are you done?

Brett takes a last swing for emphasis, then drops the bat.

BRETT

We just lost a billion dollars. How does that not piss you off?

CLAIRE

Project Rampage has never been about money.

BRETT

Fine. There was ten years of research on that space station, Claire. The project is gone!

CLAIRE

Is it? Atkins got the canisters onto the escape pod-

BRETT

Which turned into dust when it re-entered the atmosphere.

CLAIRE

True. The canisters, however, were engineered to withstand re-entry.

(holds up phone)

And we got a report of a meteor landing on a ranch in Wyoming.

BRETT

(calms, smiles)

I love you, sis. I'm a little scared of you, but I love you.

(then, reconsidering)

We gotta get out there. If someone finds that canister it leads straight back to us.

CLAIRE

Please stop with the overreacting.

BRETT

I'm not overreacting! There's a reason we were doing these experiments in space. We weren't exactly doing research for the betterment of humanity, up there.

CLAIRE

(shrugs)

That depends on how you feel about humanity.

(then)

You handle the press. Clean up is already in motion. I sent Burke.

BRETT

Who's Burke?

CLAIRE

Remember I bought that paramilitary company last year? You called it Killers 'R' Us...

BRETT

(proud of the name)

Yeah.

CLAIRE

Well, he's the us.

EXT. PRIVATE MILITARY FIRM BASE - NIGHT

It looks like a simple military base: lots of space, a few buildings, and a BLACKHAWK HELICOPTER ready for take-off.

A TEAM of tough-looking SOBs in unmarked military gear pull WEAPONS from a rack, then board the helo. On the side of the helo is the outfit's name: ROLLCALL SECURITY MANAGEMENT. This is the private military firm (P.M.F.) owned by the Griffins.

Last to board is the team's leader, BURKE (40), a SPECIAL RIFLE slung over his shoulder. Tall and imposing, Burke is the biggest and baddest of the bunch.

INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

Burke boards and calmly puts on a headset.

PILOT
Where to sir?

BURKE
Wyoming. Time to bring a little
wild back to the west, boys.

The helo LIFTS OFF.

EXT. SAN DIEGO WILDLIFE PARK - SERVICE ROAD - EARLY MORNING

A TRUCK parks on the service road behind a large, fenced enclosure. A middle aged man, PETE, in a park uniform, exits and grabs a FEED SATCHEL from the flatbed. He palms the receiver attached to the radio on his belt.

PETE
Dispatch. I'm about to feed Hector.
Entering the enclosure, now.

DISPATCH (O.S.)
Copy that.

EXT. BROWN BEAR ENCLOSURE - MOMENTS LATER

Pete moves towards a series of bark-painted metal BOXES. He sets a CLIPBOARD on a box edge and begins pouring FEED, humming to himself. He finishes, grabbing the clipboard to double check.

Then: SPLAT. A spot of red blossoms on the clipboard.
SPLAT, SPLAT. From above. Pete registers. *Is that blood?*

Pete back-peddles and trips. He catches his breath, trembling. Then reaches for his radio.

But as he raises the receiver to his lips, we realize his hand is covered in blood. The other one too. That's when he sees something we don't. Off his saucer eyes:

EXT. PRIMATE DEPARTMENT - MORNING

Davis's DEFENDER pulls into his parking spot, fast. Davis jumps out and moves with purpose into--

INT. PRIMATE DEPARTMENT - MEDICAL OPERATIONS AREA - MORNING

Davis enters. He finds Nelson sitting with Pete, who looks really rattled.

DAVIS

I got your message. What happened?

NELSON

It's George.

DAVIS

(concerned)

Is he okay?

Nelson looks at Pete, then back to Davis.

NELSON

I don't know.

DAVIS

What do you mean you don't know?

Davis starts off. Nelson calls after, stopping him.

NELSON

Davis. He's not in his enclosure.

Off Davis's confused look, we go--

EXT. BROWN BEAR ENCLOSURE - MORNING

Davis and Nelson enter the enclosure, a TRANQUILIZER RIFLE slung over Nelson's shoulder. FLIES BUZZ. Nelson puts a forearm to his nose to staunch the odor of death.

A MURDER SITE. Davis and Nelson take in the horror of a barely recognizable Grizzly bear body.

NELSON

Jesus.

Davis reacts. An animal slaughtered. He buries the emotion and kneels.

That's when they hear it. The low RUMBLE of an inhuman growl, heavy BREATHING. Davis looks up and sees--

GEORGE. He's retreated into one of the shallow shade caves within the enclosure.

Nelson un-shoulders the tranquilizer rifle. Davis shoots him a look: *shoulder that*. Nelson shakes his head.

NELSON (CONT'D)

He tore apart a thousand pound
Grizzly like it was paper towel.

A beat. Davis nods, conceding.

DAVIS

Just stay back. Let me talk to him.

Davis moves slowly, cautiously toward George. The hulking Silverback is slumped against a cave wall, head down, looking either wounded or depressed. He hears Davis and looks up.

DAVIS (CONT'D)

It's okay, George. It's me.

Toeing closer to George, Davis signs --

DAVIS (CONT'D)

What happened?

George signs.

DAVIS (CONT'D)

You're sad. That's okay. What
happened? You can tell me.

George looks up at Davis, eyes bloodshot. He doesn't look like the same gorilla that was joking with Davis yesterday. There's something distinctly less *human* about him.

DAVIS (CONT'D)

Did you do that?

Davis nods toward the mauled bear. George nods, signing.

DAVIS (CONT'D)

You're sorry.

Davis notices a GASH on George's rib cage.

DAVIS (CONT'D)
Did he hurt you?

George nods and signs back.

DAVIS (CONT'D)
Angry. He made you angry.

George makes the sign again and again. *Angry. Angry.* Not really answering the question, just repeating the word.

DAVIS (CONT'D)
It's okay, buddy. Safe. You're safe. Just calm down.

George steps out of the cave and stands. He is **DISTINCTLY LARGER** than the last time we saw him. Davis notices, his face registers awe and concern.

DAVIS (CONT'D)
Easy, George.

George GRUNTS and takes a step toward Davis. Nervous, Nelson RACKS his rifle. George's head SNAPS up.

DAVIS (CONT'D)
No--

Too late. George CHARGES NELSON and ROARS. Nelson FIRES--

EXT. BEAR ENCLOSURE - A LITTLE LATER

Davis and Nelson supervise as TECHS load a MOBILE CAGE on to the back of a flat bed, George asleep and immobilized.

DAVIS
He was fine.

NELSON
He was attacking me.

DAVIS
Because you pointed a gun at him.

NELSON
I've never seen him that aggressive. Maybe he's rabid--

DAVIS
I would have seen symptoms.

NELSON
Whatever it is, he's not fine.

Davis shakes his head, worried about George.

DAVIS
How'd he even get in here?

NELSON
The enclosures are right next to
each other.
(re: enclosure wall)
Maybe he jumped.

DAVIS
No way. Gorillas can jump eight
feet, maybe ten. That wall is
almost twenty feet high.

As Davis scans the area for answers, his WALKIE crackles.

CONNOR (O.S.)
(over Davis's walkie)
Guys, it's Connor. You need to get
over to the Gorilla enclosure.

EXT. GORILLA ENCLOSURE - MINUTES LATER

Davis and Nelson follow Amy and Connor to the CRASH SITE. The
RADIAL damage. Trunks broken. The crater.

NELSON
What the hell happened?

Davis follows GORILLA FOOTPRINTS into the crater. Dead center
is the CANISTER. Davis kneels down, examining.

DAVIS
Throw me a field kit.

Nelson does. Davis pulls out a LATEX GLOVE and slips it on,
then picks up the canister. Reveal a jagged crack where the
canister broke-- an off white residue.

AMY
What is that thing?

Davis drops the canister into a plastic bag, examining it.

DAVIS
I don't know. But if we want to
help George we're gonna have to
figure it out.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - DAY

The late morning sun pounds the basin.

INT. KATE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Spartan. Mattress on the floor, GENETICS BOOKS piled next to it, and a desk with numerous hard drives and THREE MONITORS.

A PHONE rings, waking DR. KATE CALDWELL (30s) from beneath a tangle of bed sheets. She tries to sound awake, answering:

KATE
Hello... Oh hey, Mark.

Kate pulls the phone away, looks at the time, wincing. Then:

KATE (CONT'D)
Of course I know I'm late. I'm
sorry, my alarm didn't go off. I
would've texted you, but I'm
driving to work, right now.

As Mark continues to lecture, Kate grabs KHAKIS off the floor and pulls them on, followed by a RED WORK POLO with her "KATE" name tag on it. Whatever the job is, it isn't great.

INT. KATE'S APARTMENT - LIVING AREA - DAY

Much like her bedroom, the living area is a mess of scientific journals and research. Like she recently moved out of an office and hasn't found a place to operate out of yet.

The TV is on from last night. Kate enters, phone to her ear.

KATE
I'm almost there, I'm just stuck in
crazy traffic.

OLD STARBUCKS CUPS are on the counter. Kate jiggles them, searching for fuel. She swigs from a half-full cup.

Kate almost chokes on her drink as she sees BRETT GRIFFIN holding a press conference on TV, intercut with footage: the Athena's launch, assembly in space, orbit around the earth...

BRETT
(on screen)
Obviously, my sister and I and
everyone at Energyne are stunned
and deeply saddened by the loss of
the Athena-1 crew.
(MORE)

BRETT (CONT'D)

These were brave and brilliant men
and women of science who were
committed to helping mankind with
their research and we will continue
to do that, in their honor.

KATE

Helping mankind, my ass.
(remembers her phone call)
Sorry, that was about something on
the radio.

Kate flips channels - the story is on every one. Kate's anger
rises as a series of TALKING HEADS comment:

TALKING HEADS

(on television)

--Private corporation Energyne--

(new channel)

--spectacular meteor showers over
the Rocky Mountains as the space
station was incinerated--

(new channel)

--the tragedy has people asking,
should space be the domain of
private industry?

(new channel)

--iPhone footage of a fireball
streaking over Southern California,
the debris finally touching down
near San Diego--

Kate flips to a LOCAL L.A. MORNING SHOW (like *GOOD DAY L.A.*)
showing STOCK FOOTAGE of ZOO GORILLAS.

FEMALE LOCAL NEWS HOST

--a gorilla at the San Diego Zoo
has escaped its enclosure--

Kate cocks her head, intrigued. She flips back:

TALKING HEAD

No word yet on exactly where in San
Diego that meteor landed--

She flips back, again:

FEMALE LOCAL NEWS HOST

The gorilla was captured in the
bear exhibit, of all places--

Kate lowers the phone, FLIPPING between the two channels,
going between METEOR FOOTAGE and GORILLA FOOTAGE. Her wheels
turn until, finally, she puts the phone back to her ear:

KATE
Change of plans, Mark. I'm not
coming in, today. I quit.



Kate hangs up and heads to her room, passing a FRAMED PHOTO. It's the only personal item in the apartment. The photo is Kate and her brother, ROBBY, in their 20's. She's kissing his cheek and he's beaming, eyes closed, bald from cancer.

EXT. SKIES OVER WYOMING - MORNING

The ROLLCALL HELICOPTER patrols the skies over the least-populated state in the union. Sage brushes dot the plains. Burke stares at the landscape below, then--

BURKE
There.

Burke points to a corruption of Wyoming's natural beauty. A plowed HOLE IN THE EARTH with a canister embedded inside.

BURKE (CONT'D)
Set it down.

EXT. WYOMING - VALLEY - MORNING

The helicopter lands. Burke and his team spread out heading for the hole, tracking over it with their HELMET-CAMS to send a complete picture of the data to home-base.

INT. GRIFFIN TECHNOLOGIES - CLAIRE'S OFFICE - DAY

Claire and Brett look up as the GIANT FLAT SCREEN TV fires up a VIDEO CALL with Burke.

BURKE
We've secured the canister.

BRETT
Hell yeah.

Burke ignores Brett, talking to Claire.

BURKE
It was pretty badly damaged.

Burke shows the CANISTER: it's cracked and discolored where the gas escaped. Brett looks to Claire, annoyed.

BRETT
You said it would survive re-entry.

CLAIRE

The atmospheric pressure must have weakened the casing.

BURKE

There's something else.

Burke turns the camera to show a DOZEN SLAUGHTERED WOLVES scattered around the crater. Claire turns away, not a huge fan of gore. Brett nods, impressed.

BURKE (CONT'D)

They were slaughtered. By another wolf, I think.

Claire and Brett share a look, processing the information: *cracked canister, one wolf killing twelve...*

BURKE (CONT'D)

I found these tracks heading into the blast site.

Burke points the camera at the ground, showing a spot of earth with the imprint of a WOLF'S PAW.

BURKE (CONT'D)

And then we found these tracks coming out.

Burke adjusts the camera, revealing the imprint of a paw that is LARGER THAN HIS BOOT.

BURKE (CONT'D)

Whatever was here is a damn killing machine.

Claire approaches the screen, amazed by the paw print. She turns to Brett and they share a knowing look.

BURKE (CONT'D)

What do you want us to do?

Claire turns back to the screen, considering:

CLAIRE

I want you to find it and I want you to destroy it.

Burke nods. Then, one of the MERCENARIES shouts--

MERCENARY

Sir! We have company!

EXT. WYOMING VALLEY - CONTINUOUS

An old, red PICK UP TRUCK speeds over the terrain, headed right for Burke. Burke stands his ground and the truck stops, inches from his body. A GRIZZLED RANCHER (50's) gets out, pissed, carrying a breached side-by-side shotgun.

GRIZZLED RANCHER
Can I help you with something?

BURKE
We're good. Thanks.
(to his men, re: wolves)
Bag it up. All of it.

Fearless, the rancher SNAPS the breach of his shotgun shut.

GRIZZLED RANCHER
What the hell do you mean, "bag it up"? You're on my land!

Burke presses his hand to his earpiece so he can hear Claire and Brett better:

BURKE
What should I tell him?

A beat. Burke listens, nods--

BURKE (CONT'D)
Yes, ma'am.
(turns to Rancher)
Sorry we've made a mess on your land.

GRIZZLED RANCHER
Mess? What the hell--

Burke draws his gun and puts two shots in the Rancher's head.

EXT. EVERGLADES - DAY

A long, lonely stretch of river cuts through sawgrass and cypress trees. A GATOR BOAT trawls. We hear the soft echo of Mountain's "Mississippi Queen" on a BOOM BOX from the bridge.

SUPER: EVERGLADES NATIONAL PARK, FLORIDA**EXT. BOAT DECK - DAY**

GRADY RODGERS, drunk-flushed cheeks and a STIHL baseball cap, lounges shirtless on the shallow bottom deck.

Two of his buddies, RICK and TATE sit on either side of an ice chest, while the captain, HANK polishes off a PBR from behind the wheel. The four men are GATOR HUNTERS.

RICK

At least 14 feet. Hooked him in the tail. Gator goes under the boat, almost flipped us. Biggest animal I ever tangled with--bigger than any you ever seen.

Grady spits a line of chaw juice into the river. Leans forward as they enter a cypress thicket--

GRADY

I caught one bigger. And I didn't use no line, I used my bare hands.

RICK

Bullshit. Only thing you ever caught was an STD.

As they all laugh, Grady throws his empty PBR at Rick.

Behind Grady the vegetation grows suddenly thicker, as if a wall of.... SCALED FLESH rises up behind it. The boys are too fixed on Grady to notice.

GRADY

She was big as the boat, her claws like black razor blades-- cut your head clean off.

Water laps against the RIDGED SCALES, now nearly blocking the vegetation along the river bank--

GRADY (CONT'D)

I didn't know what I was dealin' with until I looked in that black hole of an eye--

Behind Grady, a massive shape rises from the water. Too big for Rick and Tate not to notice. It scares the shit out of them.

TATE

Uh.... Grady.

GRADY

I ain't finished.

(beat)

So I looked her in that black hole of an eye and realized... That bitch was smilin' at me.

Except there's no laughter. Nothing. His buddies wide-eyed.

GRADY (CONT'D)

What?

He turns. We don't catch the full view. Grady drunkenly tries to process--

GRADY (CONT'D)

Is that what I think it is?

SUDDENLY IT MOVES, so fast--blink and you miss it. A blast of WATER, TEETH and SCALES--a loud SNAP as the movement closes around Grady, Hank, and the front half of the boat, launching Tate and Rick into the air for a suspended second--

Only to descend into the waiting maw of the monster.

It's over in seconds. We go wide-- see the froth of bubbles-- the entire boat is GONE. Silence.

And then a can of PBR pops to the surface.

INT. PRIMATE DEPARTMENT - MEDICAL OPERATIONS AREA - DAY

George, still unconscious and in restraints, has been sealed inside the VETERINARY ENCLOSURE, fronted by a thick plexiglass windows.

Through the window, Davis watches George sleep, like a parent looking at his sick child in the hospital. Nelson joins him, handing Davis a PRINT OUT.

NELSON

George's lab results are in.

DAVIS

(reads the results)

This can't be right. Growth hormone is up three hundred percent, adrenaline is up four hundred... He'd be dead.

(hands it back)

Run it again.

NELSON

We ran it three times. The values went up each time.

Davis's concern escalates. He never takes his eyes off George, but can feel Nelson's stare.

DAVIS

I know what you're thinking and the answer is no.

NELSON

I'm not saying we have to put him down, but we at least have to talk about the possibility.

DAVIS

I said "no".

NELSON

Davis, he tore that bear apart.

DAVIS

He was defending himself.

(shakes his head)

This wasn't him. Someone did this to him.

NELSON

Does it matter how it happened?

DAVIS

Look, we don't even know what's going on with him, yet.

(beat, off his silence)

I found him when he was two months old, his parents slaughtered by poachers. I raised him. I can't put him down.

NELSON

(nods, gets it)

Then you better figure out how to help him.

Nelson moves off. Davis steps closer to the glass, contemplating the mystery.

DAVIS

What's going on with you, buddy?

George's eyes start to flutter open. Davis smiles--

DAVIS (CONT'D)

Hey... Rise and shine--

George ROARS, POPPING his restraints with ease.

George stands. He's so big now he can't even stand all the way up in the enclosure. Pissed, he STRIKES THE GLASS where Davis stands. Davis takes a cautious step back.

DAVIS (CONT'D)
Whoa, big guy. It's just me.

Calming down, George looks at Davis with childlike eyes, ashamed. He lifts his hand and signs --

DAVIS (CONT'D)
Sorry.
 (assuring him)
No harm, no foul.
 (reads George's signs)
Hurt. Pain... Help me.

George nods. Davis signs back with CONVICTION and SINCERITY --

DAVIS (CONT'D)
I will, George. I promise.

INT. PRIMATE DEPARTMENT - MEDICAL OPERATIONS AREA - DAY

Davis bursts through the door, fired up. The handful of STAFF MEMBERS flinch at his entrance. He's a man on a mission.

DAVIS
Find me someone who knows something
about that goddamn canister.

NELSON
I found her.

Davis turns back, confused. Nelson is standing with KATE. She looks way more put together than the last time we saw her.

NELSON (CONT'D)
Technically she found us.

KATE
You're the gorilla guy?

DAVIS
"Gorilla guy"?

Davis is already annoyed.

KATE
Kate Caldwell. I'm a geneticist
with Energyne. I think one of our
research samples may have crashed
in your, uh, backyard last night?

Davis pulls out the bagged canister.

DAVIS
This research sample?

Kate tries to play it cool, but her excitement gets the best of her and she reaches for the canister.

KATE
That's the one.

Davis laughs, quickly pulling it away.

DAVIS
First things first. I need a few questions answered, sweetheart.

KATE
Sweetheart? I didn't realize this building was also a time portal back to 1950.

DAVIS
Sorry. Dr. Sweetheart.
(re: canister)
Now tell me what the hell was in this thing and what it's doing to my friend.

NELSON
(explaining)
His friend is a gorilla.

KATE
I'm sorry, that's classified.

Davis flexes his jaw, frustrated.

DAVIS
Nice meeting you, Dr. Caldwell.

Davis moves to head out. Kate calls after:

KATE
He's growing.
(as Davis turns back)
Isn't he? Showing signs of increased strength. Speed. Aggression.

The last one gets Davis.

DAVIS
Come with me.

INT. PRIMATE DEPARTMENT - OUTSIDE VETERINARY ENCLOSURE - DAY

Davis and Kate come to the observation window. George is inside finishing eating a pile of bamboo. He's now about ten feet tall. Kate is struck by the size of him, the reality of her research hitting her hard.

KATE

Oh my god.

DAVIS

Last night George was seven feet tall and about five-twenty-five. Now he's over nine feet and pushing a thousand pounds.

KATE

Get me a blood sample.

DAVIS

(the balls on this chick)
"Get" you?

KATE

So I can sequence his DNA.

DAVIS

Lady, I have a ten foot silverback who may or may not have jumped a twenty foot wall this morning before killing a bear. You want his blood, you get it.

Kate looks at Davis, caught by the last piece of information.

KATE

He killed a bear?

DAVIS

No. He ripped it to pieces.

Kate looks back at George, guilt starting to set in. Davis has had enough of her.

DAVIS (CONT'D)

Do you know what animal is considered to be the most powerful terrestrial predator? I'll give you a hint. It's not a gorilla.

KATE

Grizzly bear.

DAVIS

Correct. Top of the food chain.
That bear shouldn't have even
broken a sweat taking care of
George. Now this is your crazy
space juice, so I want an
explanation and I want it now.
What's happening to him?

Inside the enclosure, George finishes his bamboo meal and immediately turns to sign at the window.

GEORGE

Hungry.

Davis doesn't see this. He's focused on Kate:

KATE

Okay. I specialize in CRISPR.

DAVIS

Doc, unless you're talking about
frying chicken you're gonna have to
elaborate.

KATE

It's a genetic engineering process
that allows us to edit genes in a
very targeted very... creative way.

DAVIS

Creative?

Kate nods. In the background, George is signing with increasing desperation. "*Hungry. Hungry. Hungry.*"

KATE

And I designed a fairly creative
sequence of synthetic genetic
material that I think may have
affected your gorilla.

DAVIS

"Affected" how? What was in that
canister?

Without food, George starts pacing, back and forth. Growing in speed and restlessness. He signs "*hungry*" repeatedly.

KATE

I'm sorry -- is he signing to you?

Davis looks at George, finally seeing it.

DAVIS

He says he's hungry. You would be too if you were going through the mother of all growth spurts.

(calls out)

Someone get George more food! He gets pissy when he's hungry.

George runs at the glass, SMASHING into it with his fists. Kate flinches. Davis is unfazed. George tries AGAIN.

DAVIS (CONT'D)

Relax. The plexiglass is two feet thick. There's no way he could--

Then Davis watches in horror as George grabs the STAINLESS STEEL EXAM TABLE, easily lifting it up with one hand --

DAVIS (CONT'D)

Get back!

Davis grabs Kate and shields her as --

-- George throws the table through the thick observation window, SMASHING IT as if it were made of sugar glass.

DAVIS (CONT'D)

Everyone get to cover!

George ROARS and pounds his chest before leaping through the opening and into the corridor.

INT. PRIMATE DEPARTMENT - MAIN HALL - DAY

Standing near the "GENTLE GIANTS" mural, Connor chats up Amy.

CONNOR

This whole thing with George is crazy. If you want to, like, get dinner together and just talk it all out--

BOOM. George explodes through the wall, pulverizing the happy gorillas. Connor squeals as George thunders toward him. But George buzzes past looking to escape, not to destroy.

Kate and Davis round the corner in pursuit.

DAVIS

GEORGE! STOP!

But George isn't listening. Nelson runs in, a TRANQUILIZER RIFLE in each hand.

NELSON

DAVIS!

Nelson tosses Davis the rifle. He catches and aims in one, fluid motion.

DAVIS

GET DOWN!

Connor and Amy do just that. Davis and Nelson FIRE, putting TWO tranquilizer rounds in George's back.

He doesn't even slow down, just blasts through a huge window and into the park. Davis follows, as does Kate.

EXT. SAN DIEGO WILD LIFE PARK - DAY

ZOO GUESTS scream and run for cover as the giant gorilla runs through the park, wantonly destroying whatever is in it's path.

EXT. SAN DIEGO WILD LIFE PARK - DAY

Davis and Kate follow the path of George's carnage. They catch a glimpse of him just as he breaks through the zoo entrance and heads into the parking lot.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

A TRUCK almost hits George, swerving out of the way and crashing into a parked car. Startled, George sprints away, running along the hoods of cars, crushing them like tin. Davis chases him into the parking lot--

DAVIS

George!

But George doesn't look back, just sprints out of the zoo parking lot and onto the road. Davis runs to his Defender and gets behind the wheel.

INT. DEFENDER - SAME TIME

Davis starts the engine. Kate runs to the passenger door.

KATE

Wait! I can help.

DAVIS

I don't need help.

Davis puts the car in gear. Kate throws out her last shot:

KATE
Do you want your friend back?

This gets his attention and Kate knows it.

KATE (CONT'D)
Because I'm the only person who can
engineer an antidote and return
that gorilla to normal.

Davis is stoic, but the answer is obvious: it's all he wants.

DAVIS
Get in.

Kate jumps in and Davis hits the gas.

INT. SAN DIEGO POLICE CAR - DAY

A COP has his RADAR GUN set up as cars go by: 25, 27, 26...
Then, the cop flinches as George THUNDERS PAST at 40 MPH.

COP
What the hell?!
(grabs radio)
All units, pursuit in progress,
eastbound on L Street at 30th. In
pursuit of a black... gorilla.

The cop turns on his sirens.

INT. DEFENDER - DAY

Davis drives, he and Kate scanning for any sign of George.

DAVIS
What the hell were you people
cooking up at Energyne? Adult
gorillas don't just double in size.

KATE
His growth is the result of an
experiment with CRISPR. It stands
for Clustered Regularly Interspaced
Short Palindromic Repeats.

DAVIS
Rolls right off the tongue.

KATE

You ever heard of Leber's Disease? It causes retinal degeneration in kids. Hereditary blindness. It sucks, and if you're born with it, there's nothing you can do about it. Until CRISPR. Now we can isolate the gene that causes Leber's and simply remove it from the genetic sequence.

DAVIS

George's vision is fine, so I'm guessing that's not what this is about.

KATE

(guilty)

No... His genetic changes are a little more complicated.

DAVIS

And what exactly should we expect to happen to him?

KATE

That compound has so many different genetic elements from so many different species, it's impossible to predict how he'll react.

DAVIS

Wonderful.

(frustrated)

Then we need to find him before someone else does.

Just then, FIVE SQUAD CARS fly past, sirens blaring.

KATE

I think someone else found him.

Annoyed, Davis guns the engine, following the police.

EXT. SAN DIEGO - GASLAMP QUARTER - DAY

George runs fast down the historic streets, lost in a world of traffic, stores, cars. George is now about twice normal size -- and at least three times as fast and strong.

George looks around trying to figure out where to go, what to do... He steps out into traffic.

CARS SKID TO A STOP. One CAR tries to go around him -- he freaks -- thinking it's coming for him -- swings at it -- and knocks it off the road -- it crashes into a building.

Brave GAWKERS move toward George (keeping a safe distance) to snap a photo or some phone footage.

Overwhelmed and scared, George TAKES OFF in a new direction--

EXT. SAN DIEGO - DAY

George starts RUNNING FAST. CAMERA TRACKS WITH HIM -- sort of a MR. TOAD'S WILD RIDE of racing between houses, jumping backyard fences, swatting aside charging dogs, dodging people and cars. George runs down a street, but stops as--

A SQUAD CAR rips around the corner, squealing to a stop, cutting off George's path.

A COP jumps out, using the door as a shield, and draws his gun, pointing it at George.

George's eyes lock on the gun, triggering something primal. He signs BAD MEN (we recognize it from before), then YELLS:

Terrified, the cop FIRES, drilling George in the chest. George recoils, then turns back, PISSED.

He ROARS, bringing his giant fist down on the hood of the squad car, flipping it into the air. The squad car lands on its hood, upside down.

The other police cars approach, sirens blaring. George RUNS. The police cars pursue, followed shortly by the Defender.

INT. DEFENDER - SAME TIME

The Defender speeds ahead, trying to keep up with the pursuit. As they pass the OVERTURNED COP car--

KATE

He's going to kill someone, if he hasn't already.

DAVIS

He's not out to hurt anyone. He's just scared.

KATE

He's scared?
(then, confused)
Where's he going?

DAVIS

Away. He's the silverback. When he senses danger it's his job to protect the troop by drawing the threat away from their home.

KATE

What happens if someone tries to stop him?

DAVIS

Ask that cop car.

Davis nods back in the direction of the flipped squad.

EXT. STREET - SAME TIME

George thunders on. With each stride his FISTS smash into the asphalt, leaving broken little potholes. He's headed for--

EXT. CORONADO BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

George RUNS across the bridge, from San Diego to Coronado Island, pursued by a convoy of six squad cars, lights and sirens blaring, and the Defender right behind them.

EXT. CORONADO BRIDGE - MIDDLE OF THE BRIDGE - SAME TIME

A massive POLICE BLOCKADE has been set up. OFFICERS aim shotguns from behind squad cars. They watch as George approaches at high speed, showing no signs of slowing.

INT. DEFENDER - SAME TIME

Kate sees the blockade, panic setting in.

KATE

Look--

DAVIS

I see it.

KATE

He's got nowhere to go.

EXT. CORONADO BRIDGE - SAME TIME

Or does he. As George bears down on the blockade, the POLICE CAPTAIN can't wait any longer.

POLICE CAPTAIN

FIRE!

The officers FIRE. But with an impossible acceleration, George cuts left, avoiding the ammunition, and BLASTS THROUGH the cement barrier that bisects the bridge, into--

ONCOMING TRAFFIC. George's momentum carries him into the side of an SUV, which he sends into the wall. George continues running and tires squeal as cars swerve out of the way.

INT. DEFENDER - SAME TIME

Davis hits the gas, swerving around the squad cars that have bailed on the pursuit--

DAVIS

Hold on.

Kate grabs Davis's arm, her eyes wide as he follows George through the massive hole he's made in the cement barrier.

Davis navigates the oncoming vehicles, trying to catch George. He finally does, keeping pace behind him. Kate glances at the speedometer: **60 MPH.**

Davis puts the pedal to the floor--

EXT. CORONADO BRIDGE - SAME TIME

The Defender passes George at about eighty, gets a lead, then slides to a sudden stop. George ROARS at the Defender, but Davis jumps out, putting his arms up to calm George.

DAVIS

George!

George stops, recognizing his friend.

INT. DEFENDER - SAME TIME

Kate watches, amazed.

EXT. CORONADO BRIDGE - SAME TIME

Davis looks at his friend, locking eyes. George signs.

DAVIS

You're scared. Everything is okay,
I promise. Safe.

George seems to relax. The COPS start to move in, guns up. George ROARS, defensive and scared.

DAVIS (CONT'D)
NO! UNLESS YOU WANT TO FIND OUT
WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU REALLY PISS
HIM OFF, BACK OFF!

Slowly, the cops comply. It's clear Davis is in charge. He looks at George, calming him, signing as he speaks:

DAVIS (CONT'D)
We're going home.
(off George's sign, nods)
Home. Then my friend will give you
medicine. Friend.

Davis signs "friend" and gestures to Kate. George looks at her and nods. In shock, she nods back.

Davis nods, mission accomplished. Until... the familiar buzz saw of a helicopter. George's attention is immediately pulled to the BLACKHAWK HELICOPTER rising up next to him. The side of the chopper reads: HOMELAND SECURITY.

Davis sees what George does: a DOOR GUNNER holding a HIGH POWERED TRANQUILIZER GUN.

DAVIS (CONT'D)
NO!

The shooter FIRES and hits George. George ROARS, enraged. The shooter hits George again. Now George starts to CHARGE the helicopter. Panicking, the shooter fires THREE QUICK SHOTS.

After five shots, George drops, CRUSHING THE HOOD OF A CAR.

Davis runs to George, as HOMELAND SECURITY SPECIAL RESPONSE TEAM TRUCKS speed in from both sides to surround them.

TONS of ARMED PERSONNEL spill out of the trucks, guns instantly trained on Davis and Kate. They put their hands up, helpless. Davis looks at George, crumpled and unconscious.

DAVIS (CONT'D)
(under his breath)
I can't wait to meet whoever the
hell ordered those shots.

INT. WILLIS TOWER - PENTHOUSE - DAY

Brett and Claire watch the wall of monitors showing NEWS REPORTS about gorilla sightings.

BRETT

There was another canister?

They watch the CELL PHONE FOOTAGE of George, running through San Diego and across the bridge. Claire smiles, awed:

CLAIRE

Look at that. A gorilla can run twenty, twenty-five miles per hour. He must be going twice that fast.

BRETT

Why are you smiling? It's just a matter of time before they track this back to us.

CLAIRE

Calm down, Brett.

BRETT

Do you know how many laws we broke with the Rampage research?

Claire points it at the monitors.

CLAIRE

Do you know what you're looking at?

BRETT

Yeah. It's a giant, genetically modified gorilla with massively enhanced physical capabilities destroying everything in its path on national television.

CLAIRE

That's right. And we made him. Be proud, Brett.

(re: George on TV)

That's our Sistine Chapel.

(her point made)

Now find out where they took him.

EXT. SKIES OVER WYOMING - DAY

A RIVER cuts through DENSE FOREST. We see the SHADOW of the Rollcall helicopter racing along the riverbank.

INT. BLACKHAWK HELICOPTER - SAME TIME

Burke watches out the door, then points.

BURKE
There. In the tree line.

EXT. OVER THE RIVER - DAY

The helicopter flies low, almost skimming the river, navigating the walls of forest on both sides.

IN THE TREES

A LARGE WOLF sprints through the forest. Through the trees it's hard to get a clean look, but it's clear the creature is VERY BIG and VERY FAST.

INT. BLACKHAWK HELICOPTER - DAY

The Rollcall crew watches the Wolf, amazed.

PILOT
Damn, that thing is really moving.

Burke shoulders an AR-15 and stares through the scope.

BURKE
Not for long.

He takes a breath, then... *BANG!*

IN THE TREES

The Wolf tumbles, shot, rolling through the forest.

INT. BLACKHAWK HELICOPTER - SAME TIME

Burke speaks into his radio:

BURKE
Rampage-1 is down.

EXT. OVER THE RIVER - SAME TIME

The helo hovers over the river as Burke and his team hop into the shallow water, making their way into the trees.

INT. CLAIRE'S OFFICE - DAY

Claire is at her computer. Brett enters.

BRETT
It's Burke. They got it.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Burke and the team move through the forest.

BURKE
(into his radio)
Moving in now to confirm the kill.

INT. CLAIRE'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

They watch the HELMET CAM feeds as Burke's team approaches. They come upon the spot and see BLOOD but no Wolf.

BRETT
You shot him... What happened?

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Burke looks at the blood, confused. Then... a LOW GROWL from the trees behind them. The soldiers turn as a BLUR flies toward them, attacking. The Rollcall team OPENS FIRE --

INT. CLAIRE'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Brett and Claire watch chaotic carnage from the helmet cams. BULLETS, SCREAMING, and BLOOD. And only fleeting and partial glimpses of the Wolf.

Claire can't watch. Brett can't NOT watch.

BRETT
Come on! Get him!

CLAIRE
(not watching)
They won't.

On one of the monitors, they get a P.O.V. shot of the Wolf's giant mouth coming down over a screaming soldier, then BLACK.

EXT. FOREST - SAME TIME

It's quiet now. Burke is alone in the trees, following a trail of blood. He's tense, his weapon pivoting back and forth in search of the Wolf. As he scans the trees:

BURKE
(into his radio)
Wilson, check in.
(nothing)
Zammit, check in.
(nothing)
Taylor, Ford...

Nothing. Burke reaches the end of the blood trail. We don't see it, but it's obviously one of his men. Pieces of him anyway. We can tell it's bad by Burke's reaction.

BURKE (CONT'D)
(into his radio)
Gonzalez, get us outta here.

PILOT (O.S.)
(over Burke's radio)
On my way.

Burke looks up and watches the helicopter BANK LEFT, headed to pick up what's left of the team.

THEN, a rustling in the woods. Burke spins, weapon pointed. Suddenly, one of the Rollcall SOLDIERS gets FLUNG out of the trees and into the sky, SCREAMING. He is somehow jettisoned straight up towards the chopper.

Burke watches as the screaming soldier flies through the air, WILD FIRING his weapon. The soldier draws even with the approaching helicopter, accidentally SPRAYING BULLETS into it. As the soldier SLAMS INTO THE HELICOPTER BLADES--

Burke turns his head, only hearing the gruesome impact.

The helicopter loses control (the pilot presumably dead) and careens toward the earth, CRASHING in a fireball nearby.

Burke closes his eyes, fucked. Then he feels it, on his neck... the hot breath of the Wolf.

We only see its GIANT MUZZLE as it GRABS BURKE, dragging him SCREAMING into the trees. The SCREAMS are silenced by a sickening CRUNCH.

INT. HANGAR - LATE AFTERNOON

The HOMELAND SECURITY VEHICLES are parked. ARMED OFFICERS march to one of the vehicles, opening the back doors to reveal--

Davis and Kate, seated on benches, their hands ZIP TIED. The officers pull them out and lead them--

EXT. TARMAC - SAME TIME

Davis and Kate are marched onto the tarmac in time to see a GARGANTUAN C-17 CARGO PLANE ROAR a few hundred feet overhead as it descends, then touches down. The sound is DEAFENING; it consumes all hearing.

EXT. C-17 CARGO PLANE - REAR - DAY

The C-17's cargo bay is open and a LONE FIGURE descends the ramp, his silhouette backlit by the compartment lighting.

CLOSE ON A PAIR of CROCODILE LEATHER COWBOY BOOTS as they *CLICK-CLACK* down the ramp's steel grating. Now we reveal --

SPECIAL AGENT HARVEY RUSSELL (50s) wears a spook-standard-issue black suit, white shirt, dark tie. He also wears long, unkempt hair and a beard. Agent Russell has seen and experienced all the shit the world has to offer and now approaches it with wry detachment.

Russell walks toward Davis and Kate, brimming with over confidence.

AGENT RUSSELL

Mr. Ridley, Dr. Caldwell. 'Preciate you makin' some time for us, this afternoon. I'm Agent Russell.

DAVIS

Where's George?

AGENT RUSSELL

You mean your gorilla?

DAVIS

He needs help. And if you put him on that plane, you will too.

AGENT RUSSELL

I think we'll be all right.

Davis moves into Russell's personal space--

DAVIS

I want to see him. Right now.

--but Russell doesn't flinch. Two Alphas, nose to nose.

AGENT RUSSELL

Brother, I'm gonna go out on a limb and guess that no one's ever called you a "people person".

DAVIS

Why don't you take these handcuffs
off and find out? Brother.

A tense beat. Then Russell smiles, enjoying Davis's bravado.
He nods, speaking to his TEAM LEADER.

AGENT RUSSELL

Load them both up with the ape.

Russell moves off as the soldiers haul Davis and Kate toward
the plane.

BEEP. BEEP. BEEP. Davis looks back to see a massive trailer
with George in a mobile cage, backing towards the C-17.

INT. C-17 CARGO PLANE - MORNING

Inside the hold of the C-17, the flex-cuffed Davis and Kate
(hands cuffed in front) ride in inward facing jump-seats.

George, in his cage, is parked in front of them. He's
UNCONSCIOUS, but breathing heavily. It's like he's angry in
his sleep.

KATE

And now we're on a plane with a
five ton genetically mutated
gorilla.

DAVIS

What could possibly go wrong?

The cargo door beeps, the maw closing behind us.

EXT. C-17 CARGO PLANE - DAY - FLYING

The C-17 soars above the clouds.

INT. C-17 CARGO PLANE - DAY - FLYING

Kate and Davis are in their seats, not taking their eyes off
of George. They fully expect him to wake up at any moment.
Then Davis notices:

DAVIS

Look at that. Where he got shot.

Sure enough, George's BULLET WOUND is barely more than a
bruise, the skin having GROWN BACK TOGETHER. Kate nods.

KATE
African Spiny Mouse.

DAVIS
Excuse me?

KATE
The African Spiny Mouse has the genetic ability to regrow lost skin. That was one of the genes spliced into our little cocktail... Now George can do it too.

Davis gives her a look: *What have you done?*

AGENT RUSSELL (O.S.)
Davis Ridley.

Agent Russell appears from the front of the plane, entering the cargo area while smoking his cigar and reading off a "TOUGHBOOK" TABLET COMPUTER --

AGENT RUSSELL (CONT'D)
Primate specialist. Consultant to numerous wildlife preservation concerns, blah, blah, blah...
(more enthused)
Ooh. United States Army Special forces. Delta team. Numerous deployments in Africa. Warlord. Genocide. Redacted, redacted. Ah, here we go -- transferred to the United Nations' Special Anti-Poaching Task Force!
(looks up at Davis, winks)
I'm an animal lover, too.

Davis stares down at Agent Russell's CROCODILE LEATHER boots.

DAVIS
This is suicidal having George on an airplane.

AGENT RUSSELL
Relax. He's on a very powerful sedative drip. He won't wake up until we wake him up.

KATE
But he's--

AGENT RUSSELL
Growing. We're aware. It's been factored in.
(MORE)

AGENT RUSSELL (CONT'D)
(before she can speak)
Same as his elevated metabolism and
the increasing amount of blood in
his system. We might not be the
brightest bulbs in the room, but we
do all right. Speaking of which,
the ape isn't your only science
experiment on the loose, Doc.

DAVIS
What?

AGENT RUSSELL
Thirty foot wolf. He's not a news
story yet, but he will be soon.

Russell shows Davis and Kate SATELLITE PHOTOS of the wolf.
Davis notices as Kate dips her eyes, guilty.

AGENT RUSSELL (CONT'D)
I got a line of folks really
looking forward to debriefing you.

DAVIS
Who do you work for?

AGENT RUSSELL
(smiles)
The American people.

KATE
FBI? CIA?
(no answer, no answer)
Fish and Wildlife?

AGENT RUSSELL
I'm O.G.A.

Davis smiles, he knows what this means:

DAVIS
"Other Government Agency."

AGENT RUSSELL
I'm who shows up when things go
really wrong. In this case, when
science shits the bed, I'm the guy
they call to change the sheets.

DAVIS
What's going to happen to George?

As if in response to hearing his, George stirs.

DAVIS (CONT'D)

He's the smartest Silverback I've ever worked with. Has a vocabulary of three-hundred signs. Yesterday, he was eating bamboo and playing with his troop. George didn't ask for any of this.

AGENT RUSSELL

Whether it's his fault or not, that animal is a monster now. And it's my job to protect the free world from him.

Davis pleads his case, emphatic:

DAVIS

I can help him. I know him better than anyone, he'll listen to me.

AGENT RUSSELL

Well, in that case, let's just wake him up and unlock the cage.

DAVIS

There's an antidote for this.
(re: Kate)
Ask her. She works for the people who did this to him.

AGENT RUSSELL

Used to. Ain't that right, Doc?

Kate closes her eyes, busted. Russell looks at his toughbook:

AGENT RUSSELL (CONT'D)

Dr. Kate Caldwell. PhD in Genetics.
Recruited by Energyne in 2010. And--
(smiles)
-- Fired by Energyne, 2016.
(nods, impressed)
And in pretty dramatic fashion.
Caught in the Energyne parking lot
trying to steal hard drives.

Kate shakes her head, defensive, but embarrassed:

KATE

That's not... that's bullshit!

AGENT RUSSELL

Really?

Agent Russell turns his toughbook around, showing a NEWS CLIP of Kate SMASHING A HARD DRIVE in the Energyne parking lot, as SECURITY rushes her. She is GRABBED, but fights back.

She breaks loose, but is SLAMMED onto the hood of a car. Russell stops on the image of Kate's CRAZED, yelling face.

AGENT RUSSELL (CONT'D)
Well, if you're goin' out, at least
go out in a blaze of glory, right?

KATE
Why don't you go ask those assholes
why I was really fired?

Russell gives a slight, knowing smile. Kate avoids Davis's glare. Russell notices.

AGENT RUSSELL
I'm guessing by the dumb look on
the big fella's face that this is
all news to him. Enjoy your flight.

Russell pulls out his SAT PHONE to make a call as he starts to move off. He turns back to Davis:

AGENT RUSSELL (CONT'D)
(re: George)
About your friend... For what it's
worth, I'm sorry.

It's not worth much to Davis, but it does read as sincere. Davis and Kate are left in the silence of her betrayal.

INT. CLAIRE'S OFFICE - DAY

Claire watches NEWS FOOTAGE on her monitors - more of George's rampage through San Diego and now aerial footage of the HELICOPTER CRASH in Wyoming (but no Wolf).

Brett enters. He looks at the news feeds.

BRETT
This is getting out of control.

Brett hands Claire an iPad with a photo on it.

BRETT (CONT'D)
A bunch of G-men loaded the gorilla
onto this cargo plane an hour ago.
Do you know who that is with them?

Claire looks at the photo: it's the tarmac at Miramar. She focuses in on Davis.

CLAIRE
No, but he's ripped.

BRETT
The woman -- Kate Caldwell.

CLAIRE
Dr. Caldwell?

BRETT
What's she doing out there?

CLAIRE
Given our history with her... how things ended, the fact that she blames us for the end of her career and the death of her brother... my best guess? Gathering evidence to fuck us over as badly as possible.

Brett looks at Claire. *Mother. Fucker.*

BRETT
This is a disaster.

CLAIRE
You always give up so easily.

BRETT
Claire! Burke and your private army are gone. Our wolf is on a cross country killing spree. And now the United States Government has a genetically modified monster that can be traced right back to the room we're standing in, on an airplane bound for who knows what secret military base. If you have a plan I would love to hear it.

CLAIRE
Brett. I always have a plan.

EXT. WILLIS TOWER - ROOF - EARLY EVENING

The sun sets over Chicago. Claire leads Brett across the roof toward a LARGE HIGH TECH SATELLITE DISH.

CLAIRE

If you've weaponized a living thing by giving it extraordinary genetic gifts and unlimited physical potential, combined with unthinkable violent and aggressive disposition, how do you control it?

BRETT

(annoyed)

You know I hate your Q and A's, just give me the answer.

(off Claire's silence)

You feed it our little chill pill.

CLAIRE

Yes! R-19, the "chill pill". It overrides their hyper-aggressive nature so they can be managed. But it was only half of the equation for control. What good is a weapon if you can't aim it?

Claire puts his hand on the SATELLITE DISH.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

(nods, smiles)

These creatures were designed with an internal homing device.

(holds up a USB drive)

We just have to paint the target. Then they'll do anything to get here. How do you think that'll go over at thirty-two thousand feet?

Brett smiles, realizing the plan.

BRETT

The monkey'll bring the whole plane down.

(off Claire's nod, then)

But once the military figures out the animals are headed here, they'll know we're responsible.

CLAIRE

Which is why we'll blame someone else. Specifically, a discredited former employee whose research led to Rampage and who is about to die in a tragic plane crash.

BRETT

Caldwell.

CLAIRE

The world eats what you feed it.
Let's feed it Caldwell the villain.

BRETT

And then we're national heroes when
we give them R-19 before they
destroy the city.

CLAIRE

I told you I had a plan.

Claire inserts the USB drive into the dish and types in a code. She FLIPS the switch and the dish thrums to life.

EXT. BLACK HILLS, SOUTH DAKOTA - PARKING LOT - DUSK

We rise slowly to find a parking lot DESTROYED. Mangled vehicles, piled and thrown.

Rising further, we find THE WOLF, now THIRTY FEET TALL, his massive muzzle in a TOUR BUS, devouring the TOURISTS inside.

The HOMING DEVICE hits him. He pulls his blood-soaked muzzle from the tour bus and turns his head, his brain and body responding to the Griffin's call.

As the Wolf moves off, we see that we are actually at MT. RUSHMORE.

EXT. RIVER - NIGHT

The flow of water barely visible in the darkness. The only light from a BONFIRE on the shore. We hear LAUGHTER--

SUPER: MISSISSIPPI RIVER

Lit by the bonfire, a group of TEENAGERS stand on the river bank, staring up at a tree, SHOUTING:

TEENAGERS

Come on!... Do it!...

EXT. PLATFORM IN THE TREE - SAME TIME

ALEXIS (18), pretty and shy and a handsome kid, TRIP, stand on a rickety platform, the fire at least 30 feet below. They're in their underwear. Trip holds a ROPE SWING.

BELOW, their friends cheer them on.

TRIP

Scared?

(off her nod)

We can totally back out.

ALEXIS

No, a dare's a dare.

He smiles, then suddenly kisses her. Then--

TRIP

ONE! TWO! THREE!

Both holding the rope, they JUMP!

ON THE GROUND

The teenagers CHEER as Trip and Alexis arc down and then up, releasing at max speed, SCREAMING IN DELIGHT as they fly into the darkness:

TRIP AND ALEXIS

AHHHHH--

A millisecond later the screaming completely stops. It's almost jarring.

The teens wait, uneasy smiles. One beat. Two. There's no splash. Total silence. They look at each other. Then the rope swings back--bitten in half.

TEENAGER

ALEXIS? TRIP?

Nothing. The teenagers move cautiously toward the shore, peering into the darkness. Suddenly, something HUGE comes out of the water, so fast the teens barely have time to scream.

But they do SCREAM, seeing a blur of an OPEN MOUTH and GIANT TEETH. Then, just as suddenly, all the screaming STOPS.

The CROC continues on land, disappearing into the trees, leaving the comfort of the water to follow the signal.

INT. C-17 CARGO PLANE - LATE AFTERNOON

In the C-17, Kate rides in defeated silence. Davis keeps himself busy, rubbing his plastic flex-cuff against the rail of the jump-seat. It appears to be a futile effort. Finally--

KATE

I'm sorry I lied to you.

Davis just keeps working on his flex-cuff, ignoring her.

KATE (CONT'D)

Don't you want to know *why* I lied?

Davis stops only long enough to throw a look:

DAVIS

No. Not really.

Davis goes back to work. Kate won't give up.

KATE

Davis, I'm not the bad guy, here--

Davis stops, turning to face Kate. It's pretty clear that betrayal of trust is a big deal for him.

DAVIS

Is there an antidote?

KATE

I can only assume Energyne was working on a countermeasure to the serum and if we could just--

DAVIS

Can you cure George?

KATE

If I had a lab and enough time, I could analyze a blood sample, then maybe--

DAVIS

Yes or no.

KATE

(beat, concedes)
Not yet.

Davis nods, that's what he figured.

KATE (CONT'D)

I can explain if you'd let me--

DAVIS

Save it. You needed something and you lied to get it. You're human. That's all the explanation I need.

Back to silence, which is broken by George's BREATHING, faster, more labored. Davis leans in, concerned.

KATE

What's the matter with him?

DAVIS

George, you okay?

George snorts as his eyes POP OPEN, his muscles bulging against the restraints. Davis scans him over. He sees George's hair bristle, his eyes widen, his teeth revealed. Davis knows what it means: Aggressive behavior imminent.

DAVIS (CONT'D)

Shit. Brace yourself.

KATE

What for -- ?

THIS: Responding to the beacon's call, George arches his back and ROARS so deafening that it threatens to tear the cargo plane apart.

Davis and Kate are assaulted by the sound, but they have no choice but to absorb it. Their hands are bound.

George ROARS again, now working all the might of his massive (and still growing) arms and legs against the pallet straps --

One of the steel ratchet buckles BURSTS, flopping free.

KATE (CONT'D)

Oh shit.

The first buckle was the toughest. Three more ratchets BREAK in quick succession. George is making fast progress.

DAVIS

GET DOWN!

Davis dives on Kate, protecting her, as George, now WAY TOO BIG for his cage, explodes out, sending pieces of it flying everywhere. He's free.

He's on all fours, his phenomenal size more apparent in the cramped plane. Those red eyes nearly glowing, teeth bared. Agent Russell watches George, addressing his men.

AGENT RUSSELL

Shoot to kill, but single shots at close range. We puncture the hull of this plane and we're all going down.

Agent Russell and his men draw weapons. George clocks them and CHARGES. THUNDEROUS footsteps.

Russell and his men scramble to the side of the plane... all but one soldier, too terrified to run.

He screams. George grabs him, whips his body like a rag-doll, then tosses him against the wall--

The animal in a frenzy, swinging wildly at the soldiers as they try to shoot him. George takes the bullets as nothing more than irritants, raging on. One soldier is crushed by a fist. Another batted across the plane.

As Davis watches the carnage, he rubs the flex cuffs quickly against metal. He gets a small cut in his cuffs, then ROARS himself... and SNAPS the cuffs. Kate stares in disbelief.

DAVIS

GEORGE!

No response - he's too busy kicking ass. Davis spots a wall mount with four elephant guns across the plane. TRANQ DARTS behind a clear plastic CASE.

The soldiers try desperately to handle the enraged animal. Davis sprints across the plane, but the moment he grabs the gun and the darts, George slams the side of the plane. The whole thing shudders, the wings dip, the darts scatter.

Davis scrambles to grab one, his back to George, as everything goes preternaturally quiet. Then:

KATE

Davis.

Davis turns. All the soldiers are on the ground. George has Russell pinned under foot, groaning. Davis and George lock eyes. He doesn't know what to say except:

DAVIS

George. Don't.

George holds Davis's eyes. It appears Davis has momentarily gotten through to George... which is all Russell needs to grab a nearby HANDGUN.

He unloads the clip on George. George recoils, more pissed than hurt. He grabs Russell and THROWS him through the cockpit door--

INT. COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

The PILOT is in the middle of his panicked distress call--

PILOT
--MAYDAY! MAYDAY!--

--when Russell comes flying through the door. The Pilot and CO-PILOT react. Russell's unconscious form --and George tearing their plane apart.

CO-PILOT unbuckles and stands, grabbing an ASSAULT RIFLE--

INT. CARGO PLANE - SAME

The co-pilot emerges with the assault rifle, panicked. Davis spots his wild eyes--

DAVIS
NO!

RAT-A-TAT-TAT-TAT. The co-pilot opens fire. George takes the bullets and pivots. That. Was a mistake.

He grabs the co-pilot, rag-dolling him back and forth. The co-pilot continues to fire, wildly peppering the fuselage, as George whips him around. Davis shields Kate as bullets rip around them, shredding the plane and the cockpit.

Davis looks back as stray bullets hit AN AMMO BOX. BOOM! An explosion only made worse by the pressurized air. A massive hole tears into the fuselage--

The CO-PILOT is immediately SUCKED OUT THROUGH THE HOLE, STILL WILD FIRING.

INT. COCKPIT - SAME TIME

The pilot JOLTS and looks down to see BLOOD blossoming on the chest of his flight suit.

INT. CARGO PLANE - SAME TIME

Everything not tied down is SUCKED OUT through the hole in the fuselage. Davis is ripped off his feet. He grabs a hand hold with one hand and Kate with the other.

The pressure finally stabilizes and Davis and Kate hit the floor. At the other end of the plane, so does George. Davis grabs the tranquilizer gun, taking aim at George.

DAVIS
Get behind me.

KATE
He just stopped bullets.

DAVIS
Carotid artery. His skin might
still be thin enough at the neck.

Kate gives up the argument and straps in. Davis aims. But before he can fire--

INT. COCKPIT - SAME TIME

The pilot slumps forward. Dead weight. Right on the stick.

THE PLANE NOSE DIVES--

INT. CARGO PLANE - SAME TIME

Davis and George lose their footing. Davis slides toward the hole in the floor, but manages to grab a line of canvas netting and hangs on for dear life. George tumbles and slams into the cockpit partition--

A free-fall from hell. The incredible SHRIEK of air versus metal. The pitch almost vertical.

Davis dangles from the canvas line. Above him, A JEEP heaves against its restraints, while below, George shakes off the cobwebs--

Then starts CLIMBING the plane like a jungle gym towards Davis--

--who looks down. *Oh shit...* Wild-eyes his surroundings. Losing precious seconds-- then he's got it.

Using the canvas line, he propels himself back and forth across the inverted cargo plane floor like a pendulum, free hand reaching for:

THE BUCKLE RELEASE of the restraints holding the JEEP. His fingers tease the edge. George climbs, meaty fist after fist.

Davis reloads, runs.... Try number two fails, but he's closer. Unfortunately. So is George.

Last try. Davis pushes off, running like a free climber in a nose-diving plane--desperately reaching out--almost has it--

Fingers touching... he misses.

Davis looks down as George rears back to grab him. It's over... until KATE'S HAND enters frame, flicks the buckle.

KATE

MOVE!

Davis swings back the other way, dodging the jeep as it RELEASES AND FALLS--

Face planting George in his grill--

INT. COCKPIT - SAME TIME

WHAM. George and the Jeep slam into the cockpit partition. It holds. The impact brings Russell back to consciousness.

He turns to the window and watches as the ground screams closer. He drags the pilot out of his seat and climbs in. He grabs the stick and pulls back with all his strength.

The ground impossibly close, Russell desperately pulling up--

AGENT RUSSELL

Come on you son of bitch--

The horizon tilting into view, as we go:

EXT. CORN FIELD - DUSK

Silence. Then WHOOOOOOOOOOOSH. The plane roars into frame, nose pulling up just as it--

Hits the ground. And bounces. Once. Twice. Wings tearing apart. Metal bending. Glass shattering, the C-5 beginning to split down the middle--

But third times a charm. The behemoth GROANS to a stop in the sea of corn. Like a great sigh of relief.

Suddenly, BOOM-- the fuselage bends outward. BOOM, BOOM. The fuselage tears open. George leaps free of the plane and takes off across the field.

As the dusty air begins to clear we push inside the wreckage to find--

INT. CARGO PLANE - SAME TIME

The radio, bursts of static. Bodies and equipment strewn about. Davis sits up, shaking out the cobwebs. He turns to see Kate, unconscious.

DAVIS
Kate? Kate?

Her eyes flutter.

DAVIS (CONT'D)
You okay?

She blinks awake, disoriented. A nasty cut on her forehead.

KATE
Considering I just survived a major
air disaster caused by a pissed
off, twenty-five foot primate...
I'm pretty good.
(off his slight smile)
You have a piece of metal sticking
out of your chest.

He looks down. A small piece of jagged SCRAP embedded between
his peck and shoulder. He looks down, nonplussed.

DAVIS
Wish I could say it was the first
time.



He pulls it out and tosses it aside, then helps her up.

INT. COCKPIT - SAME TIME

Davis and Kate join Agent Russell in the cockpit.

DAVIS
Nice landing.

AGENT RUSSELL
Thanks.

KATE
Where's George?

AGENT RUSSELL
Gone.

Russell nods out the window. Kate and Davis see a PATH
THROUGH THE CORN where it was flattened in George's escape.

EXT. CORN FIELD - JUST AFTER DUSK

Plane debris is littered across the field. Davis walks the
path that George cut through the corn. Kate follows. As Davis
crouches down, tracking George, Agent Russell approaches.

AGENT RUSSELL
Cavalry is on its way.

Kate nods. Davis isn't listening, he's too busy studying George's tracks.

DAVIS
I don't get it. George took almost
a full mag of twenty caliber rounds
at close range.

AGENT RUSSELL
So?

DAVIS
So where's the blood?

Kate considers the question. Russell is less interested.

AGENT RUSSELL
Don't worry, there'll be plenty of
that next time we see him.
(then, to Davis and Kate)
Don't wander off. My men are
checking on your pals at Energyne.
I have a feeling they'll want to
talk to you, next.

Agent Russell moves off. Davis watches him go, concerned.

KATE
What do we do now?

DAVIS
We? Sorry, Doc, "we" isn't a thing
anymore.

Davis continues down George's path, tracking him, walking up a slight slope as he goes. Kate follows.

KATE
Davis, I'm sorry I lied to you, but
if I told you the truth you never
would have let me come along.

DAVIS
(incredulous, sarcastic)
In that case, apology accepted.

Kate shakes her head, frustrated. She's done trying:

KATE

I know you think you're, like, this lone wolf, alpha male, but the truth is you're just a dick.

DAVIS

This apology keeps getting better.

KATE

What makes you dislike people so much?

DAVIS

People do. I've fought in wars all over the world, tracked animal poachers in Uganda, Rwanda... Got to see who humans really are. And it's not pretty.

KATE

And you think we're all like that?

DAVIS

You know where I found George? Hiding under a poacher's truck. He had to watch while his whole family was slaughtered. When my team arrived, the assholes were in the middle of butchering his mother - cutting off her hands and feet. They sell them as souvenirs. Sometimes they make ashtrays out of the hands.

KATE

That's awful.

DAVIS

Yeah, but you know what's worse? When I got there I realized I recognized the killers. I'd actually stopped them at a checkpoint a few hours earlier. They said they were on safari, showed me their paperwork and I let 'em go.

(beat, still guilty)

So I don't know if everyone is like that, but I do know too many people who are so I find it's safest not to take any chances.

KATE

What happened to the poachers?

DAVIS
They shot at us.



KATE
And?

DAVIS
They missed.

Kate nods: *okay*. A long beat, then:

KATE
It's a good thing George doesn't
feel the same way about people.

DAVIS
What's that supposed to mean?

KATE
After what happened to his family,
feels like it would be real easy
for him not to trust humans, but
he's your friend.

Kate's words land with Davis, her point sinking in. He'd never admit it, but he knows she's right.

KATE (CONT'D)
Look, when I got fired, it wasn't
evidence I was destroying, it was
my research. I didn't know what it
was really being used for.
(beat, tough memories)
I thought I was helping people.

Davis looks, intrigued. She shrugs, nothing to hide now.

KATE (CONT'D)
My brother was sick and I thought
CRISPR could save him. I was doing
research like any other academic --
at a snail's pace, spending more
time writing grants than actually
working in the lab. There was no
way he was going to survive long
enough for me to help him. Then...
(nods, remembering)
Claire Griffin showed up.

DAVIS
Energyne?

KATE

She and her brother had more money than God and a state-of-the-art facility. They asked me to run it. It was my only shot to save my brother. What I didn't know is that every time I'd make a breakthrough that could actually help people, they were secretly using it for the exact opposite: making genetically perfect killing machines.

(still regrets it)

I made a deal with the devil and I didn't even know it.

DAVIS

You really had no idea?

KATE

When Claire started coming to me with requests to isolate some specific genes -- aggression of African Honey Bees, growth activators in White Sharks... I knew there was something they weren't telling me. So I broke into her office one night. That's when I found out about Project Rampage.

DAVIS

Sounds more like a goddamn video game than a science experiment.

KATE

They were designing super human soldiers -- bigger, faster, more aggressive and almost impossible to kill. Skin stronger than kevlar, regenerative properties...

Kate is lost in the memory. She shakes her head, guilty.

KATE (CONT'D)

I knew it was useless trying to talk to them, so I tried to destroy it all, right then and there...

(shrugs)

And you've seen the video.

DAVIS

Why didn't you go public?

KATE

I reached out to a reporter. But Claire was watching me. Next thing I know, the reporter's not so interested, and I'm getting letters from Energyne lawyers reminding me of the non-disclosure agreement I signed and there's blacked out cars parked in front of my parent's house... so I backed off. But just to be sure I couldn't hurt them, she revised my release to say I was terminated for "ethical violations and mental instability."

DAVIS

These guys sound great.

KATE

They ruined my career.

(beat, nods)

And my brother died a month later.

(off Davis's nod)

So when I found out you had one of the Rampage samples, I saw my chance to pay them back.

They reach the top of the rise in terrain. Looking down, George's PATH through the corn fields continues to the horizon in a STRAIGHT LINE. They take it in.

DAVIS

So this is about revenge.

KATE

It was. But people are dying because of what I did. I know I can't bring my brother back, but I want to make sure those Energyne assholes can't hurt anyone or anything ever again.

Davis nods, he can tell this is important to her.

KATE (CONT'D)

Look, I was serious when I said Energyne might have a countermeasure to the serum. They were working on it when I left.

DAVIS

(seeing her plan)

You want to go to Chicago?

KATE

I want to throw the Griffins off the tallest building in the city and hopefully save George in the process.

(off Davis's nod)

Sound like a plan?

Kate offers Davis a fist to bump, just like he used to do with George. Davis smiles a little. He bumps her fist.

DAVIS

Yeah... Sounds like a plan.

The moment is broken as HELICOPTERS thump in. Davis and Kate look up -- the cavalry has arrived.

EXT. SKIES OVER MISSOURI - NIGHT

Two helicopters cruise through the night.

INT. HELICOPTER - SAME TIME

Davis and Kate ride with Russell, who examines a laminated map. Davis shouts over the noise of the chopper.

DAVIS

Scott Air Force Base?

AGENT RUSSELL

Maybe.

KATE

Any sign of George?

AGENT RUSSELL

He's headed north. Wolf is headed east. Ate a bus load of tourists near Mt. Rushmore.

Kate shakes her head, feeling responsible. Davis squeezes her hand for strength.

AGENT RUSSELL (CONT'D)

Sonofabitch is famous, now.

INT. WILLIS TOWER - CLAIRE'S OFFICE - LATE NIGHT

On VARIOUS SCREENS, iPhone news footage of the Wolf at Mt. Rushmore is on EVERY STATION. But Claire and Brett are looking at their own SAT FOOTAGE of George's crash site.



BRETT
It survived.

CLAIRE
Unfortunately, so did Dr. Caldwell.

Claire ZOOMS IN, finding Kate and Davis.

BRETT
You think she told them anything?

CLAIRE
Based on the federal agents that
have entered the building, I assume
she told them everything.

Claire nods calmly to the SECURITY FEED, where AGENTS IN
BLACK SUITS move ENERGYNE EMPLOYEES away from their desks,
confiscating HARD DRIVES and PAPERWORK. BRETT FREAKS OUT:

BRETT
Shit. Do you know what they're
going to find on those drives?!

CLAIRE
Mostly a lot of boring accounting
spreadsheets, I'd assume.

BRETT
Claire!

CLAIRE
Relax! If they look hard enough,
they'll also find *amended* records
that show we had no knowledge of,
or involvement in Project Rampage
and place all responsibility
completely on Dr. Caldwell.
(nods to the monitor)
I put Ellis in charge and told him
to make sure the federal agents
find what they're looking for.

ON THE MONITOR, an ENERGYNE EMPLOYEE IN A SUIT (ELLIS) speaks
to the AGENTS. Brett is stunned by Claire's work. She smiles.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
I told you, I always have a plan.

BRETT
(tries to keep up)
And now we turn over R-19 so they
can kill these things before
they're totally out of control?

CLAIRE

Absolutely not! We know what kind of damage these creatures can dish out. Now it's time to see what they can take.

BRETT

(nods, understanding)
After what the gorilla did to that plane, the military are going rain fire on him.

CLAIRE

I'd hold off on anointing a winner.

BRETT

You think those things could survive a fifty cal rail gun?

CLAIRE

I don't know, Brett, that's why we run the experiment. Because if they can, every government in the world is going to want one. See? Fun.

Brett gives a tight nod, not totally on board.

EXT. SCOTT AIR FORCE BASE - NIGHT

The base is quiet for now.

INT. WAR ROOM - NIGHT

Agent Russell leads Davis and Kate inside. It's packed with MILITARY PERSONNEL, led by COLONEL BLAKE -- the total opposite of Russell, he believes in chain-of-command, following the rules, and coloring inside the lines.

AGENT RUSSELL

Colonel.

The Colonel doesn't respond. He's focused on the CENTRAL MONITOR with everyone else, which is showing a NIGHT VISION SATELLITE FEED of military forces battling the Wolf.

AGENT RUSSELL (CONT'D)

You're engaged with the wolf?

COLONEL BLAKE

We've got him surrounded near an abandoned iron mine in Iowa.

Davis and Kate watch the fire fight. The BATTLE WITH THE WOLF plays out on the monitor as the scene continues. A COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER at a monitor turns to Blake:

COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER
Sir, the gorilla is picking up speed. Sixty-five miles per hour.

COLONEL BLAKE
Get a Blackhawk in the air. Small team, fast ropes, take him out in open space. Quick and quiet.

The Communications Officer nods and relays the message. Davis and Kate share a look: *this is happening fast.*

AGENT RUSSELL
Colonel, with all due respect, I've seen this thing up close. You want to take it down, it ain't gonna be quick and quiet.

Colonel Blake scoffs at Russell, indignant:

COLONEL BLAKE
What do you suggest, Agent Russell? Gunships? Maybe drop a bunker buster on him?

AGENT RUSSELL
That'd be a decent start.

COLONEL BLAKE
Thanks, but I'm not gonna be the guy who dropped bombs on U.S. soil. Have a seat, hillbilly. Let the professionals handle this.

Russell nods, biting his tongue.

AGENT RUSSELL
Yes, sir.

Russell steps back, sharing a look with Davis: *These people don't know what they're doing.*

COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER
Sir, we've lost the Wolf. Visual, thermal... he's gone.

Blake looks to the central monitor -- no Wolf.

DAVIS

He's in the mines. He's burrowing,
looking for a den. It's what wolves
do when they're in danger.

Colonel Blake turns to Davis, confused by his presence.

COLONEL BLAKE

Who the hell are you?

AGENT RUSSELL

Colonel, this is Davis Ridley,
former Special Forces and the
zoologist who raised the ape, and
Dr. Kate Caldwell...

(re: monitors)

The geneticist who cooked up our
cuddly little friends.

COLONEL BLAKE

What are they doing here?

AGENT RUSSELL

Nobody knows these creatures like
they do. I thought they might be
able to offer some insight.

COLONEL BLAKE

Jesus Christ, Russell, you are just
full of shitty ideas, tonight.

COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER

Ops team is reporting in that it
looks like the wolf has in fact
entered the mine.

COLONEL BLAKE

Engage.

(to M.P.'s)

And get the civilians outta here.

TWO HULKING M.P.'s approach Kate and Davis.

DAVIS

Wait. Look at that map.

Davis nods at a digital MAP OF THE U.S. on one of the
monitors, with LINES tracing the path of the Wolf and George.

DAVIS (CONT'D)

Look at the path they're following.
Animals don't move in straight
lines. They're headed for Chicago.

COLONEL BLAKE
And why the hell would they be
doing that?

Kate looks to Davis, realizing:

KATE
Energyne's offices are there. It
has to be the Griffins.

AGENT RUSSELL
(to Colonel Blake)
We've confiscated Energyne's
records, but haven't found anything
incriminating, yet.

DAVIS
Forget Energyne. You need to
evacuate Chicago.

COLONEL BLAKE
Thanks for the advice, but we'll
just kill the animals now, instead.

The room chuckles, as the M.P.'s push Davis and Kate out of
the room. As they go, they hear:

COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER
Sir, we've lost communication with
the team. The Wolf is on the move.

COLONEL BLAKE
Follow its trajectory. We'll set up
an ambush for both these monsters.
Two teams, medium artillery...

Agent Russell looks at Davis, realizing their best hope for
success is being escorted out.

EXT. SCOTT AIR FORCE BASE - NIGHT

The M.P.'s march Kate and Davis across the far end of the
base. Kate glances at Davis, speaking low:

KATE
We have to get to Chicago.

Davis glances at the TARMAC: teeming with activity as
personnel preps trucks, jets and choppers. Davis then clocks
a SECURITY CAMERA scanning the area.

DAVIS
I'm working on it.

FIRST M.P.
Shut up! Take a left, here.

Kate follows the order, making a left. Davis makes a RIGHT, behind a building. The M.P.'s follow--

BEHIND THE BUILDING

Davis is now out of view of the camera. The M.P. barks:

FIRST M.P.
I said left, asshole.

Davis stops.

DAVIS
Asshole? Didn't your mother ever teach you to say "please"?

SECOND M.P.
We're not screwing around.

DAVIS
Neither am I. Manners are important.

The First M.P. charges toward Davis, making his point.

FIRST M.P.
Move.

DAVIS
Not until you say please.

The Second M.P. moves to join his partner, doubling their threat to Davis.

MILITARY POLICE
It wasn't a request, dickhead, the man said--

With both M.P.'s close, Davis makes his move. Showcasing some badassery from his Special Forces days, Davis disarms both M.P.'s, knocks one out with the butt end of his own rifle, then puts the other in a CHOKE HOLD.

Kate covers her mouth to prevent herself from screaming as Davis puts the Second M.P. to sleep.

DAVIS
That's it, big fella, don't fight nap time.

The MP's eyes flutter and he passes out. Davis lays him gently on the ground. Kate joins Davis, wide-eyed.

KATE
Are they...

DAVIS
They're fine.

Davis pulls Kate around the corner, hugging up against a building, looking at--

THE TARMAC

Military personnel is everywhere.

BEHIND THE BUILDING

Kate watches Davis watch the tarmac.

KATE
What are we looking for?

DAVIS
A helicopter. Preferably not one surrounded by military personnel.

A beat. It's a tough spot.

KATE
Do they have a hospital on base?

DAVIS
Yeah. Why?

KATE
Then they probably have a medevac chopper.

DAVIS
(nods, impressed)
That's why you bring a scientist.

They move off, away from the tarmac, to--

EXT. MEDICAL FACILITY - NIGHT

Quiet and unguarded. The bustle of the tarmac and the firing of engines can be heard in the distance. Davis and Kate peer around the building at the MEDEVAC BLACKHAWK HELICOPTER.

DAVIS

Nice work, Doc. Let's go.

Davis and Kate run silently across landing area. They have almost reached the helicopter when they hear--

AN IMPRESSED WHISTLE. They turn to find Agent Russell.

AGENT RUSSELL

Color me impressed. So what was your brilliant plan? Head for Chicago in a vehicle stolen from an Army base?

DAVIS

Something like that.

KATE

The military is underestimating these animals. They're walking into a slaughter.

DAVIS

You know she's right. And finding an antidote might be the only way we can stop George and the Wolf without carpet bombing Chicago.

AGENT RUSSELL

Sure. But this ain't a truck stop, amigo. They don't just keep the keys in the visor.

Russell TOSSES Davis a KEY. He catches it, surprised.

KATE

You're helping us?

AGENT RUSSELL

These things have to be stopped. We're helping each other.

DAVIS

Thank you.

AGENT RUSSELL

I got a plane to catch, but I'll be in touch.

Russell tosses Davis a CELL PHONE, then exits. Davis and Kate share a look: *did that just happen?* They board the chopper.

INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

Davis gets in the pilot seat, Kate next to him. Davis flips switches, speeding through the pre-flight progression. He turns the key and hits the ignition, starting the chopper.

KATE

You know how to fly this thing?

DAVIS

Absolutely.

The helicopter lifts off, then BANGS into the ground. Davis cocks his head, busted--

DAVIS (CONT'D)

It'll come back to me.

The helicopter lifts off for real.

EXT. TARMAC - NIGHT

Russell follows Colonel Blake up the stairs of a GIANT P-8 POSEIDON SURVEILLANCE PLANE. Russell sees the Medevac chopper fly away. He watches, hopeful, then boards the plane.

EXT. SKY ABOVE ILLINOIS - LATE NIGHT

The helicopter zips over farmland, headed north.

INT. DAVIS AND KATE'S HELICOPTER - SAME TIME

Flying the helo, Davis glances at Kate, concern on her face.

DAVIS

What's on your mind?

KATE

You said George was seven feet tall, right?

(off Davis's nod)

And by the time I saw him he was already, what?

DAVIS

Ten, eleven feet.

KATE

Probably almost fifteen when he was captured that afternoon, and easily over twenty when we crashed.

DAVIS

He's getting bigger. We knew that.

KATE

Davis, he's not just getting bigger, he's getting bigger *faster*. This is rough math, but by morning we could be looking at a forty foot gorilla and a sixty foot Wolf.

DAVIS

The bigger they are, the harder they fall, right?

KATE

Not exactly. The way the compound was engineered, every genetic modification -- speed, strength, aggression, regeneration - increases in relation to size.

(off his look)

It was all designed under the assumption that the subject would stop growing, but as long as these creatures keep getting bigger...

DAVIS

They're gonna get faster, stronger, meaner and harder to kill.

Kate nods -- it's worse than that. Davis clocks it:

DAVIS (CONT'D)

What?

KATE

At some point, I'm not totally sure we'll be able to kill them at all.

They share a concerned look. Davis opens up the throttle.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF CHICAGO - RAILYARD - JUST BEFORE DAWN

This railyard is a bottleneck for all trains bound for Chicago. It's an industrial place packed with man-made things: track, low buildings, railcars in dry-dock.

SUPER: OUTSKIRTS OF CHICAGO

A U.S. MILITARY SPECIAL OPERATIONS TEAM is on the ground. Two dozen SPECIAL FORCES SOLDIERS prepare for battle. HUMVEES with mounted .50 cal's protect the perimeter. And two APACHE HELICOPTERS hover in the distance.

EXT. SKY - JUST BEFORE DAWN

MILES ABOVE the railyard the POSEIDON surveillance plane circles.

INT. P-8 POSEIDON - SAME TIME

The cabin of the plane is two rows of SURVEILLANCE MONITORS, all manned by MILITARY PERSONNEL gathering information on the ground: satellite video, thermal imaging, night-vision, audio feed...

Colonel Blake stands at the center, supervising. Agent Russell walks the aisle, holding a SAT PHONE.

The AUDIO SURVEILLANCE feed crackles, monitoring the chatter on the ground:

SOLIDER ON THE GROUND (O.S.)
(over the speaker)
This is Zookeeper One. The Wolf is
two miles out.

ANOTHER SOLDIER (O.S.)
(over radio)
Zookeeper Two. Gorilla is a mile
and a half out.

RAILYARD COMMANDER (O.S.)
(over radio)
Copy that. Targets are inbound.
We're ready for 'em.

COLONEL BLAKE
Civilians?

COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER
Six mile radius clear, as ordered.

As Agent Russell passes Colonel Blake:

AGENT RUSSELL
We bring these things down, or
their next stop is the chow dish we
call "Chicago."

COLONEL BLAKE
I've got two ODA's on the ground,
three Humvees with fifty-cals and a
pair of gunships. This is their
last stop.

Agent Russell nods, unsure, and watches the feed.

EXT. RAILYARD - JUST BEFORE DAWN

The purple light of pre-dawn settles on the railyard. It's foggy and silent. Not a soldier to be seen. The trap is set.

BEHIND ONE OF THE TRAIN CARS

One of the SPECIAL FORCES TEAMS is gathered, rifles up, gripping their M-4's.

One of the SOLDIERS looks up, noticing a DRONE hovering in the sky above them.

INT. CLAIRE'S OFFICE - JUST BEFORE DAWN

The feed from the DRONE is on the screen. Claire and Brett watch, clocking the arsenal waiting for their creations. Claire is enthralled. Brett paces behind her, nervous.

CLAIRE

Sit down. You're making me anxious.

BRETT

You should be anxious. Your little "experiment" is happening fifteen miles from here.

CLAIRE

Aren't you intrigued to see what happens?

BRETT

No. I'm not. Because I know what's going to happen, it's been happening for the past twelve hours. These things are going to annihilate that military force.

Brett points to the OTHER MONITORS, all displaying NEWS FEEDS of the story: footage of the crashed plane, of the Wolf, of George, news about the National Guard being deployed...

CLAIRE

And if they do, we own the formula that can take on the most powerful military in the world.

(re: monitors)

You think we're the only ones watching this?

BRETT

People are calling about this?

CLAIRE
Not people, Brett. Places. China.
Russia. The Middle East.

BRETT
I thought Rampage wasn't about
making money.

CLAIRE
It's not. It's about making kings.
(re: the monitors)
Here they come.

Brett shakes his head, helpless to change his sister's mind.

EXT. RAILYARD - DAWN

The now THIRTY-FOOT TALL AND FIFTY-FOOT LONG WOLF pokes its head over the low-slung industrial buildings surrounding the rail yard. Its nostrils flare, sniffing for danger.

The Wolf enters the railyard. It's more monster than wolf, now -- distorted jaw, giant teeth, yellow eyes...

BEHIND A TRAIN CAR

The soldiers press up against the car for cover. Their LEADER holds up his hand: WAIT. Then... a ROAR.

EXT. RAILYARD - SAME TIME

The Wolf's head snaps up as GEORGE enters the railyard. It's the first time the animals have met. They size each other up for a moment, when--

INT. P-8 POSEIDON - SAME TIME

Colonel Blake watches the monitors:

COLONEL BLAKE
Hit 'em.

A YOUNG SOLDIER speaks into his communications microphone:

YOUNG SOLDIER
Engage.

EXT. RAILYARD - SAME TIME

The meeting of the monsters is interrupted by the ASSAULT.

THREE Humvees drive in, FIFTY CALS BLASTING. Two dozen SOLDIERS take position, firing away. The APACHE GUNSHIPS swing around behind the animals, chain guns blazing.

INT. P-8 POSEIDON - SAME TIME

Colonel Blake watches the feed, fired up:

COLONEL BLAKE
How's that taste?!

Russell rolls his eyes at Blake's bravado. He watches the monitors, stoic, knowing it's too early to celebrate.

INT. CLAIRE'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Claire and Brett watch the drone feed as the U.S. MILITARY light up George and the Wolf. Brett watches, anxious:

BRETT
Come on...

But Claire studies the action, detached, waiting for the results of her "experiment".

EXT. RAILYARD - SAME TIME

George and the Wolf take a lot of rounds, but the element of surprise is short-lived for the military. Both animals move before too much damage is done, and they're so fast now it's almost impossible to keep up.

The battle turns on a dime. The Wolf SMASHES one of the HUMVEES under his giant paw, while devouring soldiers.

A soldier on THE SECOND HUMVEE fires a SHOULDER MOUNTED ROCKET at George. George BATS THE ROCKET down, spiking it right back into the Humvee, which EXPLODES.

The wolf picks up the THIRD HUMVEE in its mouth and SHAKES IT like a chew toy, finally letting go and throwing it through a parked train car, taking out other soldiers in its path.

Now it's just the Apaches, which buzz George's head, trying to get a clean shot. George GRABS ONE OF THE HELICOPTERS OUT OF THE SKY by the tail and SWINGS IT LIKE A HAMMER into the OTHER HELICOPTER. They both EXPLODE in the air.

The whole sequence happens really fast and, before the military had time to react, they've lost. A REMAINING SOLDIER runs for his life, but the Wolf snaps him up with one bite.

The attack over, George and the Wolf continue on, heading out of the railyard.



The sun, having broken the horizon during the battle, hits Chicago in the distance.

INT. CLAIRE'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Claire and Brett stare at the drone feed, stunned.

BRETT

That's it, we gotta get the hell outta here.

CLAIRE

You don't leave when you have front row seats.

BRETT

Are you serious?

CLAIRE

These creatures represent billions of dollars and years of our lives. I'm not leaving until I see them at least once.

Brett gives a tense nod, hating the idea. Claire smiles, amused by her brother's discomfort.

INT. P-8 POSEIDON - SAME TIME

It's chaos on the surveillance plane as Colonel Blake and his team scramble to react to what just happened. All the military personnel at their respective monitors are talking at the same time, communicating with the ground.

Blake walks the line, giving instructions:

COLONEL BLAKE

Get me fast movers and helos in the air and heavy artillery on the ground. M1's, Bradleys, Strykers, and Cougars, ASAP. Fill that city with all the ass we can scramble.

(to another soldier)

Get me the Joint Chiefs...

Agent Russell walks to the back of the plane, away from the chaos, pulling out his SAT PHONE and making a call. He speaks into the phone, out of earshot:

AGENT RUSSELL

It's me.

INT. DAVIS AND KATE'S HELICOPTER / P-8 POSEIDON - INTERCUT

Davis is on the other end of the call, coming through his headset.

AGENT RUSSELL

You were right, those boys didn't stand a chance. George and the Wolf are coming to you.

DAVIS

Already?

AGENT RUSSELL

You've probably got about fifteen minutes before they hit the city.

DAVIS

Shit... We gotta warn people. Get 'em the hell outta here.

AGENT RUSSELL

Copy that. Military will be right behind them.

Davis hangs up and--

EXT. CHICAGO - WILLIS TOWER - MORNING

The helicopter flies past the tower, not slowing down.

INT. HELICOPTER - SAME TIME

Kate turns around, watching the tower pass.

KATE

You just passed it.

DAVIS

We gotta make a stop. I need you to find the city's Office of Emergency Management.

Kate pulls out her phone.

EXT. OFFICE OF EMERGENCY MANAGEMENT - MORNING

A SECURITY GUARD stands out front of the nondescript building, at the entrance. It's quiet -- too early for city life. He YAWNS, probably at the tail end of his shift. Then--

The HELICOPTER breaks the serenity, setting down in the LARGE OPEN SPACE in front of the building. The Security Guard's hat BLOWS OFF.

Davis and Kate get out, moving quickly toward the door. The Security Guard draws his pistol--

Davis disarms the guard, spins him and pins him to the wall.

DAVIS

I'm really sorry about this, but I don't have time to explain. Just open the door.

SECURITY GUARD

I can't do that--

Davis applies pressure, threatening to break the guys arm.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

AH-- Okay! Okay!

The Security Guard unlocks the door and opens it. Davis holsters the gun in the back of his pants and takes the KEY.

DAVIS

Sorry.

Davis and Kate enter and Davis LOCKS THE DOOR.

INT. OFFICE OF EMERGENCY MANAGEMENT - MORNING

Davis and Kate enter the brain of the office -- a bullpen filled with monitors as the STAFF keeps track of everything that could threaten Chicago. Mostly weather.

Davis grabs a PASSING EMPLOYEE, probably an intern.

DAVIS

Who's in charge?

The Passing Employee points across the room--

PASSING EMPLOYEE

Rick.

Davis and Kate move to RICK -- he thinks he's a four star general, but he's really third in charge at the Office of Emergency Management.

DAVIS

You Rick?

Rick stands, sizing up the strangers.

RICK

Yes, I'm... Deputy Director Richard Stotz. And you are...?

DAVIS

Not important. You know that giant Wolf and Gorilla on the news?

RICK

I think I saw something about it...

DAVIS

They're here. We need to evacuate the city.

A beat. A smile creeps across Rick's face, then he bursts into laughter, looking around the room:

RICK

Who's in on this? Chloe, this has your name written all over it.

CHLOE, a mousy girl with glasses, shakes her head. In fact, no one responds.

KATE

No one's in on it. This is real.

Rick looks at Davis and Kate like they're insane.

RICK

If giant, wild animals were heading for my city, I'd be the first to know. And there's a protocol for an evacuation. A request goes through the Mayor's office--

DAVIS

I don't have time for this, Rick.

Annoyed, Davis draws the PISTOL. Rick SQUEALS, instantly losing all his bravado and confidence.

RICK
Oh god, oh god... Please...
Whatever you want...

DAVIS
How do we turn on the siren?

RICK
There's a... a button...

DAVIS
Show me.

Terrified, Rick walks them to the back of the room to an unoccupied work station. He points to a SIMPLE RED BUTTON next to a police style dispatch radio. Kate looks, surprised.

KATE
That's it?

DAVIS
Congratulations, Rick. You might
have just saved your city.

Davis HITS THE BUTTON.

EXT. CHICAGO - MORNING

The EMERGENCY SIREN BLARES.

INT. OFFICE OF EMERGENCY MANAGEMENT - SAME TIME

Davis picks up the radio microphone, speaking calmly:

DAVIS
This is a city-wide evacuation.

EXT. CHICAGO - MORNING

We cut to various locations as people have come to a complete stop, listening to Davis's announcement over the sirens.

-THE STOCK EXCHANGE, traders headed in to work.

-CITY COLLEGE, students going to class.

-AN ELEMENTARY SCHOOL, parents drop their kids off.

DAVIS (O.S.)
 (over the CITY P.A.)
 Repeat, this is a city-wide
 evacuation, effective immediately.
 Do not collect anything, do not
 seek shelter, just help each other
 exit the city as quickly and safely
 as possible, to the north. Repeat,
 evacuate to the north. Thank you.

CONTROLLED CHAOS erupts as citizens react to the news. The
 sirens continue to wail their warning of imminent danger.

INT. OFFICE OF EMERGENCY MANAGEMENT - SAME TIME

Davis clicks off the radio. A beat. He points his pistol at
 the control box and FIRES a few shots. Rick FLINCHES.

DAVIS
 Wouldn't want you turning it off.
 (to Kate)
 Let's go.

As they exit, Davis quickly, but casually DISASSEMBLES THE
 GUN, dropping the pieces -- clip, slide, spring and barrel --
 into trash cans as he goes.

INT. OFFICE OF EMERGENCY MANAGEMENT - LOBBY

Davis and Kate hustle for the door--

DAVIS
 Which floor is the lab on?

KATE
 Eighty-five.

DAVIS
 I'll put us on the roof.

Davis and Kate exit the building to find--

EXT. OFFICE OF EMERGENCY MANAGEMENT - MORNING

A DOZEN COPS waiting, guns drawn. The Security Guard clearly
 called for back-up. The SIREN SPEAKER in front of the
 building BLARES.

COP
 DON'T MOVE!

Davis and Kate stop. Davis puts his hands out, calming--

DAVIS
Listen to me--

COP
On your knees!

Davis nods, remaining calm. He's about to comply when he sees... THE WOLF. Coming around the corner of a building.

DAVIS
We need to get everyone out of
here, right now.

The OTHER COPS turn and see it, frozen with fear.

ANOTHER COP
TOMMY--

COP
I got this!
(to Davis)
On your goddamn knees!

DAVIS
I'm warning you--

COP
You got it wrong, asshole. You
don't warn me, I warn--

CHOMP. The Cop is gone, eaten by the Wolf. The other cops
OPEN FIRE on the Wolf, who barely notices. Then--

George approaches, joining the Wolf. He ROARS, clutching his ears, then GRABS THE SIREN SPEAKER and SNAPS the pole in half. That siren stops. The cops FIRE on George, too.

Mistake. George and the Wolf fully retaliate. They take bullets like they're gnats, while the Wolf picks off the cops, eating them one by one.

George swings the broken SPEAKER POLE, sending cops flying through the air like golf balls.

Davis stands, pulling Kate to her feet and running THROUGH THE BATTLE. They head for the chopper, but George KICKS IT, sending it rolling end over end and SMASHING into the building. Davis changes course, pulling Kate to--

A POLICE MOTORCYCLE, a little removed from the battle. Davis throws his leg over the saddle. Kate hops on the back.

KATE

Those animals are headed for
Energyne.

DAVIS

Then we gotta get there before they
do, and get that antidote.

Davis guns the throttle on the bike and an appropriate
"speeding through Chicago while monsters destroy it" song
swells -- *Sabotage, Master of Puppets*, etc.

The Rampage has begun.

EXT. CHICAGO - DAY

Davis weaves against the flow of traffic as people pour from
buildings and flood the streets, trying to escape with the
possessions on their backs. At the same time, Davis notices--

The MILITARY ROLLS IN, FULL FORCE: TRANSPORT VEHICLES filled
with SOLDIERS, tanks, Humvees and Strykers assemble at every
intersection. Davis GLANCES UP, NOTICING:

SNIPERS with SHOULDER MOUNTED ROCKETS appear in windows. A
squadron of Apaches buzz overhead. F-22's SCREAM by.

Kate and Davis take it in: *The military isn't taking chances.*

EXT. STREET - DAY

George and the Wolf make their way down one of Chicago's main
arteries. George moves faster than the Wolf.

AHEAD, the MILITARY forms the first BLOCKADE. Before the
soldiers can react, George accelerates, running OVER the
blockade, crushing a few Humvees under his massive fists.

The WOLF follows, CRUNCHING CARS AND BUSES as it trots east
toward the blockade and, beyond it, the river.

Any foolish or unlucky pedestrians who remain on the street --
either frozen in awe or trying to flee -- are gobbled up like
kibble. The Wolf reaches what's left of the blockade and the
soldiers OPEN FIRE.

The Wolf, annoyed at best, grabs a HUMVEE in his teeth and
throws it against a building, taking out the bottom floor.
The building COLLAPSES on the blockade.

The Wolf jumps the rubble and continues on.

Davis speeds toward the now impassable spot in the road. In one swift movement he skids the bike to a turning stop, then IMMEDIATELY hits the gas, cutting down a side street.

EXT. NAVY PIER - DAY

The military has converted Navy Pier into its SPECIAL COMMAND CENTER: tents, troops, maps of the city, laptops with every kind of surveillance and satellite intel, visual feeds of the monsters rampaging and HELICOPTERS parked on the pier.

Agent Russell is in one of the tents, watching the mission, stoic, but tense. Colonel Blake runs the chaotic operation:

FIRST COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER

Sir, the Wolf and the Gorilla are turning north on Lower Wacker.

COLONEL BLAKE

We'll hit 'em at Van Buren.

SECOND COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER

Sir, Bravo Company has a platoon on the bridge and two in the street.

COLONEL BLAKE

Screw that. I want all of Alpha and Bravo down there. And every gunship we have. Artillery on the bridge?

SECOND COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER

M1's and Strykers, sir.

COLONEL BLAKE

Warthogs?

THIRD COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER

Two minutes out.

COLONEL BLAKE

Send 'em. It's time to throw everything we got at these things.

The officers relay the orders. Russell watches as APACHES buzz past, headed for the battle.

EXT. LOWER WACKER DRIVE - DAY

The Wolf turns the corner onto Lower Wacker, followed by George, headed toward WILLIS TOWER. TERRIFIED CIVILIANS scatter as the Wolf GOBBLES them up. George CRUSHES A LINE OF NEWS VANS as he makes his way down the street.

As they reach the INTERSECTION, the Wolf and George walk into the military's trap: a couple hundred soldiers, dozens of heavy artillery vehicles and the VAN BUREN BRIDGE is crowded with military power.

THE MILITARY commences their ATTACK.

M1 TANKS OPEN FIRE. KA-BOOM! KA-BOOM! KA-BOOM!

George and the Wolf are too fast, moving back and forth, avoiding the shells, which blow holes in the surrounding buildings. But it's enough of a distraction for--

APACHES. Swinging around the corner, chain guns ripping. George is HIT, staggering back and taking out a BUILDING. The Apaches fire MISSILES, but George is able to gather himself and avoid them. The missiles EXPLODE into the buildings.

George GRABS a TANK by its CANON.

He swings the tank at the APACHES like they're mosquitos, taking chunks out of buildings, and connecting with a few of the choppers, smashing them out of the sky.

VERRRRRRMMMMMMMMMMMM. TWO A-10 WARTHOGS SCREAM into the concrete canyon, between the buildings. They're the ugliest beauties in the U.S. military's airborne arsenal.

BRRRRRRRRTTTTTTT! The scorching sound of the planes' GAU-8 Avenger cannons tear up the sky. Dozens of 30 millimeter, depleted uranium rounds are unleashed --

George and the Wolf are HAMMERED by rounds.

EXT. NAVY PIER COMMAND CENTER - SAME TIME

Colonel Blake and the MILITARY PERSONNEL around him roar in celebration. Agent Russell remains stoic, not counting his chickens just yet.

EXT. LOWER WACKER DRIVE AND VAN BUREN - SAME TIME

George and the Wolf are TAKING A BEATING. High caliber rounds, tank shells, automatic weapons. It doesn't all connect, but what does is enough to put the monsters on their heels.

George and the Wolf still do their share of damage, but it's all defensive. George SWINGS WILDLY with his fists, connecting with nothing but buildings, which crumble.

DOWN THE STREET

Davis and Kate round the corner. Davis stops the motorcycle, taking in the ferocity of the attack. Then, Kate nods--

KATE

Davis...

He looks--

ON THE VAN BUREN BRIDGE

FOUR PLATOONS and MULTIPLE TANKS continue to rain fire on George and the Wolf, when...

THE CROC'S HEAD rises out of the water, facing the bridge.

ONE SOLDIER turns to see the Croc's MASSIVE, DISTORTED SNOUT filling his entire field of vision. The Croc "smiles" showing it's HUGE, YELLOW, RAZOR-LIKE TEETH.

Before the Soldier can scream, the Croc opens its mouth and takes a BITE out of the bridge, snapping it in half.

The bridge COLLAPSES, sending soldiers and artillery vehicles into the river.

EXT. LOWER WACKER DRIVE AND VAN BUREN - CONTINUOUS

As the Croc MAKES LAND, the BATTLE STOPS because, well... it's a HUNDRED FOOT CROCODILE. Even George and the Wolf stop to take in the monstrous beast.

The Croc is truly something out of a nightmare. GLOWING YELLOW EYES, BLOOD DRIPPING FROM JAGGED TEETH, BLACK SCALES as hard as titanium and TOES the size of SUBURBANS. Part dragon, part dinosaur, pure death.

DAVIS AND KATE

Stare at the Croc in disbelief. A beat as they try to comprehend what they're even looking at.

DAVIS

You gotta be kidding me.

KATE

What the hell is that thing?

DAVIS

I don't know, but it's hungry.

EXT. LOWER WACKER DRIVE AND VAN BUREN - SAME TIME

The military ATTACKS the Croc... but he just plows forward, taking out EVERYTHING IN HIS PATH. STOMPS TANKS, chews up a HUMVEE, devours soldiers by the dozens... it happens FAST.

The fight instantly turns in the monsters' favor.

The Wolf is on the offensive, again, jamming its face into buildings and DRAGGING OUT soldiers and civilians.

The Warthog's POUND the Croc, but the rounds just bounce off his scales.

Avoiding the shells, George LEAPS onto a building. The Warthogs return for another run, but don't realize that George is now ABOVE THEM.

As they roar past, his giant fist clobbers one of them from above, sending it crashing into the side of a building, exploding in a massive fireball.

The OTHER WARTHOG tries to avoid hitting George and veers left -- clipping one of its wings on a BUILDING SIGN and it CARTWHEELS to the street in FLAMES.

An M6 LINEBACKER TANK with four STINGER MISSILES parks itself in the intersection and takes aim at George. It FIRES, but George leaps off the building, and the missile just takes out the top floor. It takes aim for a second shot, when--

THE CROC CHOMPS DOWN on the tank, CUTTING IT IN HALF.

TWO CUBS FANS in JERSEYS (among the only living humans left) run from the Croc. One of them is cutting left, then cutting right. The other does the same --

CUB FAN #1
Zigzag, Tommy! Zigzag! That's what
you're supposed to do to get away
from a crocodi--

The Croc's jaws are the width of the street, in one BITE the Croc eats both of them, then follows George and the Wolf toward Willis Tower. The monsters have WON.

INT. WILLIS TOWER - PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Claire stands at the window taking in the VIEW. It's a good one -- you can see most of downtown Chicago and Lake Michigan beyond it. Smoke and fire rise from all over the city.

Claire watches her creations rampage through the city.

Brett's sitting at a BLOOMBERG TERMINAL. He taps a final keystroke.

BRETT

Done. All the assets are off-shore.
Let's get the hell out of here.



He shuts down the computer and grabs a GO BAG, heading for the elevators. But Claire stays at the window.

BRETT (CONT'D)

Let's go. The helicopter's ready.

(beat)

Claire.

But Claire doesn't move.

CLAIRE

I want to see what happens.

BRETT

Well I want to avoid getting eaten by a giant, mutant animal. You can watch the footage after, come on.

CLAIRE

(re: view of monsters)

Look at this... When did you ever think you'd see a sight like this?

(marveling at his work)

These creatures should be mauling each other, but as long as that beacon is on, it overrides that instinct. It's incredible.

BRETT

(watches the monsters)

They're like a herd.

CLAIRE

(sees the potential)

Or an army. Forget the atomic bomb, we've created walking weapons of mass destruction. This is a seminal moment in scientific history. *World* history. This is our legacy.

Brett snaps -- he can't handle his sister's point of view. He moves to the window, pointing at the monsters.

BRETT

This is the destruction of an entire city and the death of hundreds of thousands of people!

CLAIRE

This city accounts for less than point one percent of the world's population. I think Earth will survive without Chicago.

BRETT

Have you completely lost your mind?! I mean, where do we go after destroying an American city?

CLAIRE

Moscow or Beijing. The Russians and the Chinese have made the strongest offers for our discovery.

BRETT

(re: the monsters)

That is not a discovery! It's a mistake!

CLAIRE

As Isaac Asimov said: *the most exciting phrase to hear in science, the one that heralds new discoveries, is not "Eureka!", but "That's surprising..."*

Brett shakes his head, his sister has lost it.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Have a drink with me. Then we'll go. I promise.

Claire grabs a bottle of 64 YEAR OLD Macallan in a Lalique crystal decanter. Sixty four grand a bottle. Claire pours two glasses. She offers one to Brett. Brett shakes his head and EXITS. Claire shrugs and toasts herself:

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

To surprises.

Claire sips her Scotch in celebration.

INT. NAVY PIER COMMAND CENTER - DAY

Colonel Blake and his team follow the battle from various monitors. It's bad.

THIRD COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER

Sir, we've lost air support and the Croc took out all of our M1's.

SECOND COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER
Alpha Company is down to seventeen
men, Bravo is down to twelve.

COLONEL BLAKE
Goddammit. Pull 'em out.
(beat)
Drop the Sarin.

FIRST COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER
Copy that.
(into his radio)
Initiate Operation Smokehouse.

Agent Russell steps in front of Colonel Blake.

AGENT RUSSELL
Colonel, there's still people on
that street.

COLONEL BLAKE
Those people are already dead,
Russell. I'm trying to save the
ones that still have a chance.

Colonel Blake pushes past Russell who pulls out his phone and
makes a quick call. Into his phone, out of earshot:

AGENT RUSSELL
Get clear. They're gonna gas 'em.

EXT. CHICAGO - STREET - SAME TIME

Speeding after the monsters, Davis is on the SAT PHONE that
Russell gave him--

DAVIS
Copy.

He clicks the phone closed and makes a HARD RIGHT as--

JETS roar overhead, firing SARIN MISSILES which explode
around George, the Wolf and the Croc.

They all ROAR as GIANT CLOUDS OF VAPOR envelop them.

EXT. NAVY PIER COMMAND CENTER - SAME TIME

The MONITOR with the VISUAL FEED is filled with the Sarin
cloud. Colonel Blake nods.

COLONEL BLAKE
Had to be done.

Russell hangs his head. Then--

FIRST COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER
Sir...

Blake and Russell look at the monitor--

EXT. STREET - SAME TIME

THROUGH THE CLOUD OF GAS, the monsters EMERGE, unharmed.

EXT. NAVY PIER COMMAND CENTER - SAME TIME

Everyone is stunned. Colonel Blake punches the table.

COLONEL BLAKE
Shit.

A beat. Colonel Blake looks at the table, gathering himself.
Finally, he looks up:

COLONEL BLAKE (CONT'D)
Initiate Last Call.

COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER
Copy that.

As the Communications Officer relays the order, Blake yells:

COLONEL BLAKE
Let's pack it up!

Russell moves to Colonel Blake. He knows what that means.

AGENT RUSSELL
What the hell are you doing?!

COLONEL BLAKE
My job. President wants these
things stopped at any cost.

COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER
Sir, bombers are inbound. Twenty
minutes out.

AGENT RUSSELL
Colonel, are you seriously talking
about dropping a nuke on Chicago?!

Colonel Blake turns on Russell, pissed.

COLONEL BLAKE
Goddammit, Russell, I've had enough
of your cowboy bullshit.

AGENT RUSSELL
You know us cowboys - we hate
vaporizing American cities.

COLONEL BLAKE
Get outta here, asshole.

AGENT RUSSELL
Finally an order of yours I agree
with.

As Russell walks away from the tent, he pulls out his phone:

EXT. STREET - DAY

Davis and Kate speed through fleeing citizens, a few streets parallel to the monsters. He can see them as he passes each intersection. Davis answers the ringing sat phone:

DAVIS
What now? I'm a little busy.

AGENT RUSSELL (O.S.)
Get busier. They're dropping nukes
in eighteen minutes.

Davis hangs up, his mind racing.

KATE
What was that about?

DAVIS
You don't want to know.

Davis leans forward, cranks the throttle, finding more speed. He makes a hard left--

EXT. ANOTHER STREET - CONTINUOUS

People are still fleeing. Davis makes a right onto the street, now driving right toward the MONSTERS RAGING.

Most of the military has pulled out, but a few remaining SNIPERS fire at George from open windows.

George LEAPS ONTO THE BUILDING. Holding on with one hand, he pounds the concrete where the snipers are firing.

Chunks of the building fly off, raining down over Davis's motorcycle. Davis swerves left and right, avoiding the concrete boulders as they smash down around him.

They've almost reached Willis Tower. But blocking the path is the Wolf and the Croc, taking up the whole street. If Davis wants to beat them there, he can't go around them.

DAVIS

Hang on...

And he races straight toward the Wolf, cranking on the throttle --

KATE

No, no, no-no-no!...

And Davis drives right underneath the Wolf. Zooming under its belly. The Wolf senses this, spins around and SNAPS AT THE MOTORCYCLE -- but TOO LATE. They shoot by, just out of range of its HUGE JAWS--

--but the entrance to Willis Tower is fast approaching. Davis has no choice. He GRABS KATE as he LAYS THE BIKE DOWN--

It CRASHES THROUGH THE GLASS.

INT. WILLIS TOWER - SAME TIME

Davis and Kate slide through the hole created by the motorcycle, Davis holding Kate, shielding her from damage.

The bike slams into the far wall of the lobby and Davis and Kate stop sliding, short of it. They get up. Davis's arm is cut, bleeding, but he doesn't notice.

DAVIS

You okay.

KATE

Yeah.

Davis glances down at his bloody arm.

DAVIS

I've done worse. Come on.



He leads her into an OPEN ELEVATOR.

AROUND THE CORNER

Kate and Davis run into an open elevator.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Davis pushes the button: 85. The doors close and the high-speed elevator goes up. A beat. The building RATTLES.

DAVIS
They're here.

Another rattle. Kate closes her eyes, scared. Davis takes her hand. She notices, grateful.

INT. ENERGYNE OFFICES - DAY

The elevator doors open and Davis and Kate get off, hustling through the Energyne offices. It's a ghost town, all the employees evacuated.

KATE
There's the lab.

Kate moves to the door, tries the handle-- LOCKED.

KATE (CONT'D)
Shit.

DAVIS
Stand back.

Davis KICKS THE DOOR, blasting it off the wall. They enter--

INT. ENERGYNE OFFICES - LAB - CONTINUOUS

Davis scans the room for entrances and exits. Kate runs to a computer terminal and goes to work.

INT. CLAIRE'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Claire's empty Scotch glass sits on her desk as she PACKS a small bag: passport, stack of cash, laptop. Then...

The building SHAKES. Claire grabs her bag and heads for the door... but stops as an alarm PINGS. Claire turns back, glancing at the monitors.

ON ONE OF THE MONITORS, we see that the security feed shows KATE AND DAVIS IN THE LAB.

INT. LAB - SAME TIME

Davis watches the door. Kate is at the monitor, amazed.

KATE
I don't believe this?

DAVIS
What'd you find?

Hopeful, Davis moves to Kate.

KATE
They went so much farther with Rampage than I ever imagined. When I left they had used DNA from twelve different species in the compound. Now there's hundreds.

DAVIS
Jesus.

KATE
Including genetic predisposition to migration. Their movement is unnatural because they're being called here by a signal.

DAVIS
What about the antidote?

Kate scans the information as fast as she can, then:

KATE
Got it.

Kate jumps out of her seat. Davis follows her to a glass door, behind which all the samples are held. Kate grabs a CHAIR and SHATTERS the glass. Davis flinches, surprised.

DAVIS
Nice.

Kate steps inside, opening cabinets, drawers... Finally she finds what she's looking for: LARGE VIALS labeled R-19.

DAVIS (CONT'D)
Is that the cure?

CLAIRE(O.S.)
Not a cure, exactly.

Davis and Kate turn to find Claire and Brett. Brett has a GUN trained on them.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

R-19 doesn't affect their physicality. It just overrides their unchecked aggression and hostility.

KATE

How do you get it into their blood stream? Can't use a needle when they're stopping bullets.

CLAIRE

Asking questions to the end. A researcher after my own heart.

KATE

You don't have a heart, bitch.

CLAIRE

(smiles, then)

It's oral. You just have to put in something they really want to eat.

The building SHAKES again. Brett is sweating at this point.

BRETT

Come on, we gotta go.

Claire approaches. Davis moves slightly to meet her, but Brett steps forward, reminding him of the gun.

Claire puts out her hand for the serum. A beat. Defeated, Kate hands it over.

CLAIRE

Thank you, Dr. Caldwell.

KATE

Fuck you.

Claire smiles.

CLAIRE

Follow me.

Claire turns, not seeing that Kate has ANOTHER VIAL of serum behind her back. She discreetly tucks it into the back of her pants as they follow Claire, Brett's gun trained on them.

EXT. WILLIS TOWER - ROOF - DAY

Davis and Kate walk onto the roof at gunpoint, followed by Claire and Brett. The building RATTLES.

DAVIS
They're gonna tear apart the
building, you know.

CLAIRE
Makes for a great story. Kate
Caldwell, the scientist responsible
for these monsters, killed by her
own creation.

Kate turns on Claire, fire in her eyes.

KATE
You're just going to leave us up
here to die?

CLAIRE
I'm a woman of science. I would
never leave anything to chance.
(then)
Brett is going to shoot you.

BRETT
At least you'll get to be with your
brother, right?

Brett steps close, enjoying her pain. Kate swallows -- hurt
and defeated. As Brett raises his gun, a GIANT SHADOW creeps
across the roof. Davis and Kate look up to see--

DAVIS
George.

Claire and Brett turn to see GEORGE, who has climbed the
building, and now the upper half of his body is above the
roof. This is not good.

With all eyes on George, Kate pulls out the SERUM VIAL. She
shows it to Davis, who nods, then:

DAVIS (CONT'D)
GEORGE!

George's eyes dart Davis. Somewhere in George's brain the
sound of Davis's voice permeates. Davis points at Brett--

DAVIS (CONT'D)
Bad. Man.

Davis SIGNS the same way he did to George when they were
speaking about the poachers who slaughtered his family.

George absorbs this. He CLOCKS Brett's gun--

Fueled by revenge, Kate SHOVES the VIAL into Brett's GO BAG.

BRETT

What the hell are you doing?

KATE

Just giving him something he really wants to eat.

Davis KICKS Brett in the CHEST sending him back-pedaling RIGHT INTO GEORGE'S APPROACHING HAND, which closes around him. Brett SCREAMS, but it stops when George sticks Brett in his mouth, swallowing him whole.

George looks at Claire. Claire SPRINTS for the HELICOPTER, but George brings his fist down, rocking the roof, narrowly missing Claire. She retreats, but George chases...

In his pursuit, George knocks the HELICOPTER out of the way, sending it rolling across the roof.

Davis pulls Kate out of the way as the helo rolls off the roof, plummeting to the street below.

Claire runs for the door, weaving through the radio towers for protection. George brings his fist down, repeatedly, like a hammer, trying to flatten Claire. It's human WACK-A-MOLE.

With each swing of George's fist, the roof SHAKES like an earthquake, sending Davis, Kate and Claire stumbling.

Kate reels back, headed for the edge. She SCREAMS, but--

Davis GRABS HER before she can fall. Kate leans over the edge, holding onto Davis for dear life.

She looks down and sees the 1,500 foot fall she was just spared, but also... the WOLF crouches, then JUMPS onto the lowest tier of the building (like 35 stories up), continuing to ravage it. AND--

EXT. WILLIS TOWER - DAY

The Croc digs its MASSIVE CLAWS into the building... IT STARTS TO CLIMB.

EXT. WILLIS TOWER - ROOF - SAME TIME

Davis pulls Kate back to safety just in time to see Claire exit through the door, into the building. Davis chases, reaching the door as it closes. It's LOCKED.

KATE

DAVIS!

Davis looks just in time to see George's fist flying in his direction (still going after Claire).

He DIVES out of the way as George takes out the door... and the structure around it.

Davis gets to his feet. Kate joins him.

DAVIS

The building is coming down. We
have to get out.

As they disappear down the stairs and back into the building, we pull back to see:

ALL THREE MONSTERS on the side of the building -- George halfway onto the roof, the Croc still climbing, and the Wolf jumping to the NEXT TIER... all tearing the building apart.

INT. WILLIS TOWER - STAIRWELL - DAY

Davis and Kate hustle down the stairs.

DAVIS

How long until the serum kicks in?

KATE

With George's accelerated
metabolism? Could be as soon as
fifteen minutes. Maybe ten.

The building is ROCKED again.

DAVIS

We don't have ten minutes.

They pick up the pace.

INT. WILLIS TOWER - CLAIRE'S OFFICE - DAY

Claire rushes in, on her cell phone. She opens her desk drawer and pulls out a GUN, putting it on her desk.

CLAIRE

--Then don't land, hover over one
of the lower towers and pull me up.
Name a price.

(closes his eyes, annoyed)
Fine. Be there in two minutes.

AGENT RUSSELL (O.S.)
Now this is something.

Claire whirls to find SPECIAL AGENT RUSSELL.

CLAIRE
Who the hell are you?

Russell tours the penthouse, imbibing the exercise in excess.

AGENT RUSSELL
This is the kind of pad being a
sociopathic piece of shit buys you
these days, huh?

CLAIRE
I turned our records over to
federal agents. It's very clear we
had nothing to do with this.

AGENT RUSSELL
The only thing that was clear from
your records is that whoever you
paid to cook them, you could've
afforded better.

Claire is silenced, busted. She shifts into survival mode.

CLAIRE
You'll never make it out of the
building before it comes down. I
can get you out of here. I have a
helicopter on its way.

AGENT RUSSELL
I'm sure you do. Snakes like you
always have a way of slithering
outta trouble.

CLAIRE
Just tell me you want -- anything --
I can get it for you.

Claire's hand creeps toward the pistol on her desk. Without
even looking, Russell knows:

AGENT RUSSELL
What I really want is for you to
keep going for that gun.

Agent Russell looks to Claire, flashing a charming smile.
Claire GOES FOR THE GUN. Mistake. In a nanosecond, Agent
Russell draws and fires, putting one right between Claire's
eyes. She drops like a sack of shit.



Russell turns to the window and OPENS FIRE, shattering the wall of glass. He pulls out a small WALKIE.

AGENT RUSSELL (CONT'D)
(into walkie)
This is Russell. Ready for
extraction.

HELICOPTER PILOT (O.S.)
(over walkie)
Copy that, sir.

A STEEL ROPE is fired through the space where the window used to be, and into the floor. Russell retrieves the rope, unfolds a FOOT STAND, clips into the rope...

As an ALL BLACK HELICOPTER lowers into view, hovering outside the window. Russell gives the thumbs up and is LIFTED AWAY -- an impressive, special-ops evacuation.

EXT. WILLIS TOWER - CONTINUOUS

As the helicopter banks away from the building, carrying Russell to safety, we see: the Wolf hop to ANOTHER CROSS SECTION, getting higher. The Croc continues to climb. GEORGE, on the roof, stands over the beacon and ROARS.

INT. WILLIS TOWER - LOBBY - DAY

Davis and Kate burst through the door to the stairwell and run for the exit. The building is ROCKED. Then AGAIN. The roof starts to CRUMBLE.

DAVIS
It's coming down.

Davis looks around for a way out, spotting the POLICE MOTORCYCLE, still on its side. He and Kate run to it. Davis lifts the bike and they get on.

Davis starts the engine. As they SPEED through the giant lobby, the MASSIVE CHANDELIER comes crashing down.

EXT. WACKER DRIVE - DAY

The motorcycle SHOOTS OUT of the lobby (the windows of the building are long gone) as it starts to crumble.

As Davis and Kate speed away from Willis Tower, Kate looks back and sees--

George, the Wolf and the Croc all on the building, tearing it apart. The building LISTS. Centers. Lists again...

Then FALLS like a GIANT REDWOOD, right toward Kate and Davis.

At this point the street is empty. It's just the MOTORCYCLE trying to outrun the TALLEST BUILDING IN AMERICA as it falls down over them... with three huge animals hanging off it.

The building falls onto Wacker Drive. Davis and Kate's motorcycle barely gets clear of the top of the building as it hits the ground, but they are INSTANTLY ENVELOPED in the CLOUD OF DUST AND DEBRIS that shoots out from the crash.

It's like watching a surfer disappear in the spray of a giant wave. Then...

The motorcycle roars out of the dust cloud, safe.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Clear of the dust cloud, Davis skids the motorcycle to a stop, turning it around to face the fallen building.

Silence. It's over. Kate exhales, relieved. Then...

BOOM. BOOM. As the dust settles, the Wolf emerges. Then the Croc. They continue on, alive. Davis can't believe it.

KATE

You gotta be kidding me.

DAVIS

If we don't stop 'em things in the next ten minutes, they're gonna nuke the city and everyone still in it.

KATE

Maybe that's the only way. There's nothing that can kill them now.

DAVIS

(beat, considers)
Except maybe each other.

Davis hits the gas, driving toward the fallen building. He spots George in the rubble, on his side. Davis gets as close as he can, then jumps off the bike. Kate follows.

KATE

What are you doing?

DAVIS

George is our only shot. If the serum worked, maybe we can get him to help us.

Davis heads for George--

KATE

DAVIS!

Her tone stops him in his tracks.

KATE (CONT'D)

What if it didn't?

DAVIS

Stay here.

Davis approaches George cautiously. He's awake, but a little glass eyed. Davis signs:

DAVIS (CONT'D)

George, I need your help. Friend.
Your friend needs help.

Fifteen feet away, Kate watches, hopeful. She's so invested she does not notice the Wolf approach her from behind. It GROWLS. Kate turns and is face to face with the best, bloody saliva dripping from it's deformed mouth. She SCREAMS.

Davis turns. He SPRINTS over the rubble--

DAVIS (CONT'D)

RUN!

With the Wolf momentarily distracted, she does.

Davis LEAPS ONTO the Wolf's nose. The Wolf tosses Davis like a bug and he SLAMS into a brick building so hard it knocks the wind out of him. The Wolf turns on Davis and is about to devour him, when--

George STEPS BETWEEN Davis and the Wolf and HUFFS, aggressive. The Wolf stops, surprised.

DAVIS (CONT'D)

George...

George glances back. His eyes are no longer bloodshot; no longer possessed by the Rampage aggression. These are the intelligent eyes of Davis's friend who he raised and cared for from youth. The serum worked. George signs to Davis:

DAVIS (CONT'D)
 (reading George's sign)
 Move away...

Davis nods, moves away, out of the vicinity of the battle that's about to go down.

George raises himself up to his full height of forty-feet and ROARS, POUNDING his chest. It's ear shattering. And the subtext is clear: *I'm gonna fuck you up.*

GEORGE SWINGS his HUGE FIST and clocks the Wolf with a VICIOUS PUNCH. The WOLF IS KNOCKED SIDEWAYS, SKIDDING into another BUILDING. Glass EXPLODES.

THE WOLF gets back up on its feet. CHARGES.

GEORGE AND THE WOLF

Collide in mid-air. George grabs the Wolf around the throat. But the Wolf tears free, snapping at George's chest, drawing blood. George delivers a PUNCH to its chest, and the Wolf goes FLYING into another building, which crumbles around it.

THE WOLF

Gets up, cut from glass, blood matting the fur above its feral eyes. It runs at George. George picks up a BUS. Grips it like a HAMMER --

As the Wolf LEAPS AT GEORGE, George POUNDS THE BUS INTO THE WOLF'S HEAD, but the Wolf's jaws land and lock around George's leg, digging in deep. George ROARS --

He USES THE BUS to POUND, POUND, POUND on the Wolf until the bus CRUMBLES -- and the Wolf's jaws release.

DAVIS AND KATE

Herd a group of SURVIVORS away from danger. Davis leads them to a bridge across the Chicago River. 

KATE
 Why are they fighting now?

DAVIS
 They're territorial animals. When the building went down, whatever was controlling them was destroyed.

He moves to leave. She stops him.

KATE
 Wait! Where are you going?!

DAVIS
To help George.
(as he moves off)
Make sure everyone gets across the
river! I'll meet you over there!

Davis doubles back toward the monsters.

EXT. UPPER WACKER DRIVE - SAME TIME

Davis climbs a FIRE ESCAPE to get closer to George.

George and the Wolf circle each other, both bloody. The Wolf attacks, managing to get on George's back. He's doing a LOT of damage, but George reaches back, grabs him and FLINGS him--

The Wolf FLIES a city block and COLLIDES with a glass tower, PULVERIZING IT. Glass RAINS DOWN. The Wolf lands in the Willis Tower rubble.

George gathers himself, catches his breath, feels the horrible wounds on his face and chest. BELLOWS IN PAIN and staggers backward, CRUSHING an SUV.

Behind him, the Wolf emerges from the rubble...

ON THE FIRE ESCAPE

Davis makes it to a ROOFTOP, just in time to see--

DAVIS
GEORGE! BEHIND YOU!

George spins around to see the Wolf, hackles up. They're in a stand-off, waiting for the other to move, when...

IN THE RUBBLE where the Wolf landed, chunks of concrete begin to move. The CROC slowly emerges from the debris, woken by the Wolf's landing.

George and the Wolf watch as the Croc shakes off the building debris, gathering his senses.

The THREE MONSTERS measure each other, guarded. The Croc takes a step toward George and the Wolf.

No question, the Croc is the apex predator. George and the Wolf ATTACK the Croc, but he's just too big.

The Croc knocks George aside with his closed snout, sending him flying into a building--

DAVIS (CONT'D)

GEORGE!

--then the Croc POUNCES ON THE WOLF, his GIANT MOUTH snapping shut over the Wolf's midsection. The Wolf CRIES OUT in pain. For a moment, we feel bad for him.

Then the Croc BITES DOWN and the Wolf goes limp. It's over. The Croc RIPS a chunk loose from the Wolf and CHEWS, then--

The Croc turns its sights on George. It SWALLOWS the piece of the Wolf, then flashes its bloody teeth.

Davis watches, helpless. After what just happened to the Wolf, he knows what George's chances are.

DAVIS (CONT'D)

GEORGE, RUN!

George looks at the Croc, then to Davis. He shakes his heads: NO. The message is clear: win or lose, this is his fight.

The Croc SNAPS its massive jaws, George dodges -- but it grabs George's PAW. George HOWLS in pain.

The Croc starts trying to drag George backwards.

DAVIS

Watches, helpless. The Croc looks to make quick work of George. Then--

GEORGE

As he's dragged, George uses his free hand to grab an SUV. He HURLS it at the Croc, missing, but the SUV hits a BUILDING which falls on the Croc, freeing George.

The Croc shakes out the cobwebs, then looks at George. It's ON. The Croc CHARGES, slams his snout into George's chest, DRIVING HIM INTO A BUILDING. Concrete collapses on them.

George KICKS the Croc in the face, sending him staggering back a little. The Croc comes at George, mouth open...

But George LEAPS ONTO THE SIDE OF A BUILDING, as the Croc snaps his mouth shut. George then jumps down--

BEHIND THE CROC. George grabs the Croc by his tail. Mistake. The Croc swings his tail back and forth, SMASHING GEORGE into the buildings on both sides of the street.

With one last flick of his tail, the Croc sends George flying OVER HIS HEAD and into a building down the street.

George SLAMS into the building and crumples in a heap. George is DAZED, in the rubble.

DAVIS

Watches George, desperate.

DAVIS (CONT'D)
Come on George, get up.

THE CROC

Ambles toward George. He snaps at him, testing George's ability to retaliate, opening a MASSIVE wound on George's leg. Then AGAIN, opening George up on his torso. George cries out, pained.

DAVIS

Can't watch anymore. He SPRINTS down the fire escape and runs alongside the Croc. Thinking fast, Davis grabs a FIVE FOOT PIECE of BROKEN REBAR from the debris.

He moves past the Croc's back feet, to his UNDERBELLY (still higher than Davis).

As the Croc opens its mouth to take another bite out of George, Davis JAMS THE BROKEN END of the rebar into the Croc's SOFTER underbelly.

The Croc ROARS, stung.

George SEES what Davis has done. He watches as--

Davis drives the rebar deeper, then let's go.

The Croc turns to face Davis, who doesn't back down. Davis, about the size of one of the Croc's teeth, stands in front of the monster, ready to die with his friend. Then--

GEORGE

Finds the strength to pull himself to his feet. He grabs the Croc by the base of his tail and, roaring to gather all his remaining power, FLIPS the Croc onto its back, exposing all of the soft, white UNDERBELLY.

George grabs one of the RADIO SPIRES from the collapsed Tower and DRIVES IT THROUGH the underside of the Croc's throat. The Croc stops moving. George collapses, spent.

George is covered in blood and dust -- he looks near death himself. He BELLOWS in PAIN. He is victorious, but the battle has left him in horrible shape.

Davis moves to George, but stops as he hears--

A BUFFETING ROAR as the OFFSET FORMATION of BOMBERS appears over the skies of Chicago. Davis watches as the B-2s soar overhead... But no bombs are dropped.

Davis smiles, relieved, and gives George a nod.

DAVIS (CONT'D)
We did it, buddy.

Kate runs into the street, but stops short as she sees Davis and George, letting them have their moment.

The giant gorilla is slumped against the razed remnants of Willis Tower, his fur matted with blood.

Davis signs to him:

DAVIS (CONT'D)
You did good.

George's breathing is slow. He closes his eyes.

DAVIS (CONT'D)
Hey! Keep your eyes open. You're
going to be okay.



George opens one eye... then gives Davis the MIDDLE FINGER. Davis laughs sadly. Davis signs to him:

DAVIS (CONT'D)
Thank you.

George replies with another sign. Davis nods, signing back.

DAVIS (CONT'D)
Friend.

George puts out his GARGANTUAN FIST. Davis holds his own fist up and the two friends fist bump one last time.

With that, George's arm slumps to the ground. The gorilla turns his head. He SIGHS his last breath and dies.

Davis fights to contain his emotions. *George is gone.* Kate joins him, slipping her hand into his and they look up at their giant friend, respectful.

They stand there, the only two living things amidst the massive destruction, the silence only broken by the helicopters thumping in to clean up.

FADE TO:

EXT. UPPER WACKER DRIVE - SIX MONTHS LATER

Where George died there is now a STATUE of him. Not GIANT GEORGE, just regular George, with a plaque commemorating what he did for the city of Chicago.

The rest of the street is still in a state of rebuilding, but life has returned.

Davis and Kate look at the statue. Davis shakes his head.

DAVIS

George would've hated this.

KATE

Please. You hate it. From what you've told me, George would've loved this.

DAVIS

(smiles, remembering)

He was not shy, that's for sure.

Davis takes a moment, appreciating the statue. Then:

DAVIS (CONT'D)

Come on. I'll buy you lunch before you go back to the lab.

Davis puts his arm around Kate - they're clearly together now - and they walk down the street. As they walk, we see the full extent of Chicago's rebuild. It's HUGE.

KATE

By the way, I heard the zoo is looking for a new director.

DAVIS

I think my two dogs and your cat are all the animals I can handle, right now.

Kate smiles and rests her head on Davis as they walk on.

EXT. THE FLORIDA KEYS - DAY

The surface of the Atlantic Ocean gleams under the intense Floridian sun. A TOUR BOAT is anchored out on the water. It's a scuba outing. Tourists and guides slip scuba tanks onto their backs and buckle them on.

One by one, they plunge off the side of the boat.

A final SCUBA DIVER and his FIANCEE (both 30s) remain sitting on the boat's rear lip. He looks nervous, she looks excited.

FIANCEE

Ready?

SCUBA DIVER

Only because I love you.

She smiles and goes in first. He reluctantly follows, plunging into the tourmaline blue depths of the Atlantic...

EXT. CORAL REEF - DAY (UNDERWATER)

Effervescent clusters of air bubbles rise as the couple descends into a vast and colorful world of exotic SEA LIFE.

They hold hands as they swoop in toward the reef.

But something GLINTING on the ocean floor grabs the fiancée's attention. She banks, heading toward it. Her lover changes direction and follows...

They come to float above something BURROWED in the sea floor:

A FOUR FOOT PIECE of CHARRED SPACE STATION WRECKAGE. They swim down to it. Curious. Lift it up. Underneath is a BLACK CANISTER, just like those that crashed to Earth. IT IS CRACKED IN HALF.

EXT. THE FLORIDA KEYS - DAY

Above on the surface, the SCUBA TOUR BOAT sits anchored in place while its customers explore the wonders of the ocean.

BENEATH THE BOAT, a MASSIVE CIRCULAR SHADOW begins to grow, as SOMETHING rises toward the surface. Finally, the shadow of EIGHT GIANT TENTACLES spread out beneath the surface, ready to swallow the boat whole...

SMASH TO BLACK.

THE END

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